THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR MAY, 1805.

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Embellished with, I. *A fine Engraving of Woodcock Shooting.*——II. *An elegant Engraving of the Duke of Bedford's Curious Pig.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—The Proprietors of the Sporting Magazine are always ready to encourage merit, and to afford every opportunity for Genius to shew itself.—They are, nevertheleess, free to state, that however disposed to accommodate their friends, they utterly dislike all attempts at *Smuggling* Articles into their Miscellany to answer interested purposes.—Veteran *Incurables* are always to be excused —Ignorance and Impertinence not quite so easily to be forgiven.

The Poetical Communications that J. M. L. inquires after, never came to hand.—A kind of Bacchanalian Composition, sent last Month is inadmissible.

If another Correspondent, who will be a Poet, in spite of nature, can convert his long vapid Hudibrastics into plain Prose, they may then, possibly, become the subjects of correction.

G. D. will perceive his Burlesque upon Collins's Ode to the Passions, in our Poetical Department for the present Month.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Sartorius Pinxit. Scott sculp.

Duck Shooting.

Pub. June 1. 1804, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MAY, 1805.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING,

ONE of a series of Engravings, by Mr. Scott, from Paintings by Sartorius.

SPORTING SUBJECTS.

Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1805.

GROUSING on the Rouabon hills, with portraits of dogs, &c, the property of Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.—J. Ward.

Portrait of a charger, the property of Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.—J. Ward.

Portrait of another charger, the property of Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart. —J. Ward.

Sportsmen.—J. Ramsay.

Portrait of a pointer standing at game.—P. Reinagle, A.

Partridge shooting.—J. N. Sartorius, jun.

Portrait of an Irish hackney.—J. N. Sartorius.

The angler.—A. W. Callcott.

Eagle beating Eleanor; a match run across the Flat, Newmarket October Meeting, 1804.—J. Whessel.

Portrait of Major, a celebrated greyhound.—P. Reinagle, A.

Water-spaniel.—P. Reinagle, A.

Fox-hounds in pursuit.—P. Reinagle, A.

Spanish pointer.—P. Reinagle, A.

Portrait of a hackney.—J. N. Sartorius.

Portrait of His R. H. the Duke of York's game-keeper, and dogs.—H. B. Chalon.

Portraits of horses, the property of His R. H. the Prince of Wales. —S. Gilpin, R. A.

Portrait of a mare, the property of Miss S. Thrale.—H. B. Chalon.

Boy playing with a dog.—T. Clarke, A.

Portrait of a spaniel.—E. Edwards, A.

Portrait of a cock.—W. Craig, jun.

Giles, the property of W. Lake, Esq.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of an extraordinary musical dog.—P. Reinagle, A.

Portrait of Penelope, the property of His Grace, the duke of Grafton.—J. Whessel.

The horse-dealer.—J. L. Agassé.

A black cock: a drawing.—R. P. Nodder.

The race-course, Brighton.—J. Nixon, Esq. H.

Stables at Titchfield House, Hants.—L. Francia.

The Epping Forest hunt.—D. Wolstenholme.

A little spaniel, the property of Miss Carr.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of a dog.—R. A. Watté.

Design for the stables, riding-house, and tennis-court, building for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at Brighton.—W. Porden.

Interior view of the circular area of the stables building for His R. H. the Prince of Wales, at Brighton.—W. Pordon.

A BROOD MARE DESTROYED.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

EXPERIMENTALLY knowing how ready you are at all times to transmit to your numerous readers such singular facts as come well authenticated, I can entertain no doubt but you will give place to the following recent transaction, which, to the sporting world, well deserves to be known. The incessant variegations and vicissitudes of the turf are so perfectly understood, that, in the present instance, they stand in no need of minute elucidation; therefore suffice it to say, that a gentleman, whose name has been well known for some time upon the "Racing Calendar," is at length behind the continental curtain of obscurity; a great part of his property has fallen into the hands of "John Doe and Richard Roe," under an "Execution" from the laws, and, through their insatiate vortex, "scattered to all the winds of heaven." Amidst this general wreck, was a mare (the well-known "Cowslip," by Highflyer), in foal to "Teddy the Grinder," a stallion of some eminence, who covers at the warren upon Epsom Downs. Here this mare had been placed by the already mentioned unfortunate owner, to be ready and convenient for the same horse, in the proper and usual time after having foaled; which in the opinion and practice of the most judicious and experienced breeders, is never held to be safe in less than nine days. Upon the abdication of the unlucky owner, and the subsequent seizure of his effects, the deposit of this mare, and her being in foal, with a match of 300 guineas dependent upon her produce, being made known to —— A. Esq. of —— Hall in Leicestershire, one of the assignees, he immediately discharged the bill due for the keep and covering the mare as intended before by the same horse, amounting to about two or three and forty pounds; stipulating, that, upon the mare's foaling, "they should give him a line or two by the post, descriptive of the produce (whether colt or filly, with its colour and marks), and gave an injunction to the stud and stallion groom, that she should be brought out to the horse, and be tried whether she would take him, in the usual number of days (nine) after foaling." Mr. A——, having left these injunctions, set off on his journey to his seat in Leicestershire, and soon received information from a friend who called to see the mare (upon the produce of whom so much money was depending), that she had foaled on Friday the 19th of April; the produce a filly, handsome, healthy; its colour, marks, &c. In a day or two after this had taken place, the managing

naging (or stud) groom had occasion to be absent at Newmarket, or elsewhere, leaving instructions with the subordinates, or understrappers, that the mare "Cowslip" should have the horse offered to her, when the usual time was expired. Whether they were truly ignorant of the *nine days*, so universally the practice and custom, it may be difficult to discover; but certain it is, that one of the stable strappers procured a soldier to assist him, and on Wednesday the 24th, (only the fifth day from her foaling), brought out the mare, hobbled her, and produced the horse. What passed remains in a state of ambiguity, as no individual was present but the two bold adventurers; but the result demonstrated this fact, that during the time they were so zealously and erroneously endeavouring to bring the horse and mare together, she had both her thighs broken, which the parties present aver, were done by her own kicking, although it is the opinion of every man of breeding experience, as well as the most eminent veterinary practitioner (who has been repeatedly present at such ceremonies), that the injury was done by the horse, who, indignant and disappointed at the mare's refusal of him, might have turned rapidly, and furiously given the very kick attended with such dreadful consequences.

The mare survived the shock but two hours, and the poor little animal, only five days old, instantly became the object of pity and universal commiseration; and it will afford infinite pleasure to the humane heart of every sporting reader, to be well assured, that the little suffering orphan is going on, under the hands of a female superintendant, with every prospect of increasing strength, and ultimate success. Upon the death of the dam, the surviving offspring was carefully conveyed, in a proper and convenient vehicle, to Mr. Stammers, the Cock Inn, at Sutton, where every possible means were kindly and instantaneously taken for its probable preservation. A woman, the wife of the horse-keeper to the stage coaches who change at that inn, and has four small children of her own, kindly undertook the office of nurse, and has, with cows milk warm from that animal—with the assistance of a bottle and artificial teat—and other little invigorants of gruel, malt wort, &c. brought it to such a state of strength, at only one month old, that it is upon the eve of setting off in a deer cart to its place of destination in Leicestershire, upwards of an hundred miles from the metropolis, there to grow into its proper state and age, to abide the decisive fiat of fortune in respect to the 300 guineas match for which, live or die, she stands engaged, and to whom every liberal minded sportsman will wish success. A suit at law is said to be in contemplation, to recover pecuniary compensation for the loss of the mare by an improper course of treatment. Your constant reader,

VETERINARIUS.

EXIT AND BURIAL OF THE CELEBRATED HORSE DEFIANCE.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THIS stallion, very high in note some years ago in this kingdom, from whose reins many justly celebrated

celebrated coursers boast their descent, must still be within the recollection of many of your readers: it may tend to the gratification of those who knew him to be made acquainted with the particulars of his end; and the following circumstances may be relied on—

In the month of February or March 1803, a cargo of horses was imported into the Dutch colony of Demarara, in South America, by Messrs. Benjamin and Barrell, American merchants there, from Norwich in the State of Connecticut—United States of America. It is usual for the captains of horse vessels to have the privilege of bringing one horse as their own private venture. Defiance chanced to be the one the captain of the cargo in question pitched on for his; being, at the time of his departure offered for sale, and, owing to his advanced age, and worn out constitution, the price demanded for him being within the compass of his ability to afford. Mr. Benjamin, who had known Defiance a few years before in North America, conceived that kind of affection towards him that many reasonable minds often feel for a valuable animal, and, with no other prospect than the pleasure of possessing him, gave the captain fifteen Johannes (£27 : 15*s*.) for his purchase. The favourite beast was removed into a cool stable, was well fed and attended, and, by extraordinary care, recovered very speedily from the effects of his long and tedious sea voyage. His reputation occasioned crowds of visitors to assemble daily, and they witnessed, with astonishment, the performances of the aged veteran, who, when well mounted, felt a revival of his ancient fire, and in his gait and appearance eclipsed every thing ever witnessed in those regions before. The heat of the climate, together with his strain of exertion, co-operated, with his very advanced age, to bring on a debility which he could not overcome, and during the month of May this once celebrated animal, formerly the pride of its several possessors—among whom the most illustrious personages of this country are said to have ranked—breathed its last in the stables of Messrs. Benjamin and Barrell, in the town of Stabroek.

Through a respect to his memory, those gentlemen did not deposit his remains with the carcases of the deceased vulgar herd of horses, but attached to a ship then homeward bound to North America, gave directions that he should be entombed in the great ocean, twelve hours sail from the bar.

Thus closed the career of the once celebrated Defiance, who is supposed to have attained an age little short of thirty years; who after having, during a long term, contributed as much as horse ever did to the multiplication of his species, in transmitting a breed of highly famous and invaluable coursers to posterity, was sent from this kingdom, and, in the course of his travels, visited the East Indies, previous to his removal to North America. It is a remarkable fact, that, twice within the last six years of his life, a period when it might reasonably have been supposed he could not prove a source of much gain, he was purchased in Connecticut at the price of two thousand dollars *; and it was conjectured

* The last of these purschasers was —— Brewster, a substantial dealer in horses in the State of Connecticut.

the

the purchasers did well with their bargain. It was observed in Demarara, that the propensity of his earlier days was not greatly diminished; but this may reasonably be ascribed, in some degree, to the influence of the climate—which, in this respect, is peculiarly animating—as well as to the remaining strength of his constitution. I am, Sir, your most obedient,

* * *

MAJOR AND CZARINA.

WE are informed it is the intention of Colonel Thornton to dispose of his two celebrated grey-hounds Major and Czarina. They are now at Mr. Tattersall's, who is appointed by the Colonel to dispose of them by private contract. Major has beat Major Topham's Snowball, Sir Francis Boynton's Dent, and many others; and has received forfeit for 1000 guineas of Mr. Durand. Major's produce are all very superior; he is the sire of Colonel Thornton's Honest John Smith, who won a handsome piece of plate on Ganton-Brow, beating easy Major Topham's Blacksmith at the same meeting, notwithstanding it has been asserted that Blacksmith never was beat. At this meeting Honest John Smith ran under the name of General Le Brune against Capt. Leslie's Blacksmith, who was entered under the name of the Duke of York. Indeed there were many who were very sanguine in favour of the Duke; but to the great mortification of those who backed him, he was completely beaten. Major is also the sire of those valuable dogs Schimmelpenninck and Blue Eliza, neither of whom were ever beat: he was got by Colonel Thornton's Claret, out of a Berkshire bitch, the property of Mr. St. Quintin, lent to Major Topham. Claret was got by Jupiter, son of Colonel Thornton's Old Blue Jupiter, out of Blue Czarina, (bred by Woodley of Eccles), sold to Lord Orford, who was got by Cublon, a cross of King George the Third's breed. Fawn-coloured Czarina was sister to Claret, and is justly esteemed the best bitch of her day. Claret has won about forty matches. The produce of Major and Fawn-coloured Czarina, Lydia and Czarina, are in London, and may be seen by applying to Mr. Tattersall. They are matched for 2000 guineas to kill a box hare within 500 yards, and the hare to have twenty yards law.

CURIOUS GRANT

Made by Edward the Confessor, of Chelmsford and Deering Hundreds, to Randolph Peperking, or Ralph Peverell.

"ICH Edward Koning have given of my Forrest of Epping the kepen, of the Hundred of Chelmer and Dancing, to Randolph Peperking, and to his kindling, with hearte and hind, doe and bocke, hare and foxe, cat and brocke, partrich, pheasant hen, and pheasant cock, with green and wild stub and stock; to kepen and to yemen with all his might, both by day, and eke by night; and hounds for to hold, good, swift, and bold; four greyhounds, and six raches, for hare and foxe, and wild cattes: and therefore ich made him my book—Witness the Bishop of Woolston, and book yrede by many one; and Sweyne of Essex our brother, and by

by him taken, many other: with our Steward, Howelin, that besought me for him."

This same Ralph Peverell had a most beautiful wife, daughter to Ingelric, one of the Confessor's nobles. He had two sons by her, William Peverell, a famed soldier, and Governor of Dover Castle, which he surrendered to William the Conqueror. His mother then being still the most celebrated beauty of the age, the Conqueror fell in love with her; by her he had a son, named William after his father, and who still retained the name of Peverell, though he was created, by the Conqueror, Lord of Nottingham. Hatfield Peverell, probably a corruption of Hartfield, is still a village in Essex, and is supposed to have been originally a park, which they called a field in those days, and Hartfield may thus have signified a park for deer, as stags were then called harts: so that this place was neither more nor less than Randolph Peperkin's hart field, or park for deer.

OTTER HUNTING.

THE otter hounds of Andrew Corbet, Esq. being out a few days ago, hit upon a drag at the large pool on Muckleton Moss, and soon after found the otter; but being fresh and stout, he eluded his pursuers for a short time, and after putting down under a small covert opposite the middle of the pool, was quickly forced to take the water. Here the view became to the sportsman exceedingly animating—the hounds swimming in a cluster, all in full cry—the otter about ten yards before them, somewhat fatigued. Massey, the huntsman, in the boat close in the rear, encouraging the dogs, and plying the oars with all his powers—keeping nearly at equal distance from each other over this prodigious sheet of water: the otter frequently heaving up in the water and shaking himself, stimulating the hounds with fresh ardour, and rendered this novel scene highly picturesque and interesting.

The otter, however, reached the land first, and was taken alive in a small recess, and carried to Shawbury Park. He measured in length four feet, and weighed near thirty pounds.

RACES TO COME.

GUILDFORD	June	4
Manchester		5
Maddington		5
Newton		12
Tenbury		13
Ascot		18
Bibury		25
Stamford	July	2
Ipswich		2
Cardiff		3
Stockbridge		3
Bridgenorth		4
Newmarket July Meeting		8
Totness		9
Ludlow		11
Winchester		16
Preston		16
Knutsford		30
Huntingdon	Aug.	6
Taunton		6
Exeter		12
Newbury		20
Egham	Sept.	3
Lincoln		11
Kingscote		17

RULES

RULES FOR SHOOTING A LA GAMBADO.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

AS shooting is in itself, when properly pursued, one of the most delightful and healthy recreations that can be taken, but not without considerable danger and hazard, unless a man have some previous knowledge how to conduct himself during a day's sport, I have taken the liberty to point out a few of the most useful precepts, by the observance of which one may enjoy this most charming diversion with the smallest possible danger to himself and his company, and the greatest probability not only of finding, but of bringing down, no inconsiderable quantity of game. And it will, I am persuaded, be found, upon perusal, by every veteran sportsman, that these rules are not merely theoretical, but deduced from actual experience of their good effects.

Early rising has been often times particularly recommended to the sportsman, as being not only agreeable in the highest degree, but even absolutely necessary for good sport. Somervile, in other respects generally judicious, seems to have fallen into this vulgar prejudice, when he makes, in the beginning of the second book of the Chase, that rapturous address to Morn:

"Hail gentle dawn! mild blushing goddess hail!
"Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread
"O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,
"And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend."

To attempt to prove the fallacy of this notion would be superfluous trouble, as no one can be so dull as not to admit, that the more ease and refreshment a man obtains before he enters upon a state of labour, the better will he be able to bear it when necessary. When at last you have arisen from your persuasive couch, be above all things particularly careful that you do not burden your stomach with devouring too large or substantial a breakfast: let no man persuade you inconsiderately to take eggs, cold meat, tea, coffee, or other of these kind of things: a small bason of water gruel, with a thin toast, will be found by experience to be the best possible thing you can take, but particularly if it is likely to be many hours before you touch meat again. This sits light upon the stomach, and will not in the least impede the activity of your motions. With regard to the dress I should advise you to shoot in, much depends upon the kind of country in which you are to walk: if this be deep and dirty, I should recommend strongly Spanish leather shoes, as thin as possible, and silk stockings, in order that, your steps being light, you may not sink too deep into the mire. Nankeen breeches are indispensable, particularly for cock-shooting in a thick cover; they are so thin and light, that they are no restraint upon the limbs; and if the day be raw and cold, by letting them fit close to your skin no air will be able to get between, and consequently you will be exceedingly warm and comfortable. Many people foolishly recommend strong fustian or waterproof cloth jackets for shooting; but this is a most useless and unnecessary incumbrance. I should recommend a broad-cloth as fine as can be got; the colour should properly be yellow, because the leaves are

are then changing to this hue; and it is always a great advantage to be as little seen as possible. If the day is early in September, and very hot, put a great coat on by all means, lest, if you get warm by exercise, and then have occasion to stand still to load your piece, you catch cold, by cooling too suddenly. When you get into the fields at last, after having taken every precaution that you may not be in want of ammunition during the day, by carrying out with you ten or twelve pounds of shot, and three or four of powder, I should advise you to be especially careful, that your flint is not one of those that will give fire every time it is struck; because if you should, by any accident, catch the trigger of your gun in a hedge or thicket, the piece will not be so liable to go off, and do any mischief, if the flint is extremely bad.—If you are walking in company, be sure to carry your piece so, that the muzzle be always directed towards your companion; and on no account forget constantly to carry it cocked, that if any thing should get up unawares you may always be ready to let fly at it. Particularly observe this last piece of advice when getting over a fence, because the rustling you then make may very probably stir a hare, and then you will be prepared to shoot her.—Be sure that in the choice of your dogs you get the fleetest you possibly can, that will run over the ground in the smallest possible time; and always take two or three small spaniels out with your pointers, which will give tongue as soon as any thing is started; and thus you will have immediate notice of it, though your eyes may be turned another way.—Whenever any of your pointers stands, run straight up to him immediately, as hard as you are able; and when you get close up, hit him a smart blow with the but end of your gun, to make him put the birds up: the moment they are in sight, you must let off your piece. Never mark out any particular bird, but shoot smack at the covey.—Should you be in such high luck as to bring a partridge down, let your dog run up to it, and bite it as much as he pleases: this will encourage him, and make him more eager afterwards.—It is not a bad plan to have a couple of bull dogs trained up, to accompany you on your excursions, in order that if a bull should attack you, these animals may be ready to pin him for you immediately. When he is in this state shoot him, that he may not offend in future. If you can train up the bull dogs to find your game, you will combine two advantages together.—The smaller your shot the greater is the range, and of course the chances are multiplied in your favour; therefore, by this rule, small sparrow shot will do much more execution than the size which many prejudiced sportsmen will use for partridge-shooting.—If you find any of your dogs shy, or afraid of the gun at all, the best thing is to give them a downright good flogging; and if this does not improve them, as they are running from you give them a few shot from your gun in flank: the trifling pain they will feel will soon teach them that there is nothing to be afraid of with regard to the gun.—If your dogs run sheep, never be foolishly persuaded to beat them for it, or tie them to an old ram, as some recommend; but be sure to feed them plentifully on nothing but mutton, and let them now and then kill a few sheep themselves; they will soon have a surfeit of it, for those

those things are seldom much sought after which are easily obtained.—I could say a great deal more on this interesting subject, but am obliged for the present to conclude by subscribing myself, your most obedient, and constant reader, RURICOLA.

VARIETIES AMONG ANIMALS.

(Continued from page 24.)

IT is indeed true, that a bitch is often observed to produce a litter of puppies of an impure race, which differ widely from the parent stock of which she herself is descended; but this is infallibly the consequence of her having been contaminated by an alliance with a different breed. Every variety of the same species, it has been already stated, procreate with one another, and produce a fertile breed, which are capable of continuing the species; and each variety with such unerring certainty propagates its own kind, that wherever this intermixture takes place, the progeny is a mixed breed, which plainly participates of the qualities of both its parents, and of course possesses not, in perfection, the distinctive qualities of either. Like milk blended with water, you have neither of them pure, but a medium between the two. This is an invariable rule, admitting of no exception, and is so well understood and universally known, with regard to the dog kind especially, that such a mixed breed has obtained an appropriate name by which it is distinguished in every language in Europe. In English, dogs of the mixed breed are called *mongrels.* Thus, if a male of the pure mastiff breed and a female greyhound be put together, the progeny, with certainty, will be a large-boned clumsy greyhound mongrel: if a female of that mongrel kind be put again to breed with a pure mastiff, the progeny will approach nearer to the mastiff, and participate less of the greyhound. If this species of half mongrel be put to breed with a mastiff once more, their progeny will approach still nearer to the mastiff kind, while it departs farther from that of the greyhound. By proceeding after the same manner for several generations, the proportions of greyhound blood will be so far diminished as not to be perceptible, and the mongrel may be easily mistaken for one of the pure breed that never had suffered any degree of contamination. The reader is requested to advert to this circumstance, as it will serve to account for some phenomena that will be afterwards noticed, which might otherwise tend to occasion some kind of perplexity.

When animals are in a domesticated state, they lose many of their natural propensities, so much as to be in some measure an artificial creature, and in that state many intermixtures take place, and many effects are produced, that never would have been experienced had they still retained their native freedom. While they continue in a state of nature, each kind retains its distinctive qualities in such perfection, as to induce habits that powerfully tend to keep each variety aloof from every other, and thus to preserve them uncontaminated for a great length of time. We know of only three varieties of the dog kind that never have hitherto been domesticated; these are the wolf, the fox, and the hyena: and so strong is the aversion that domesticated dogs discover with respect to

 these,

these, that many of them—probably induced in some measure by the habits that man takes care to cherish for his own benefit—hunt out and destroy those wild varieties of their own species with nearly as much keenness as they would discover in hunting after the game that nature evidently intended for their own support. And although some instances have been observed of mongrels produced by domesticated females, which gave incontestible indications that the father had been of the wild species, yet these have been so rare, as to give no reason to suspect that any of the domestic breeds run a risk of being sensibly contaminated by these transient admixtures of blood: nay, so marked is that aversion between the wild and domesticated varieties of this species, that philosophers have long disputed whether they were not altogether of different species. To determine this point, M. de Buffon tried if he could by any means bring them to intercopulate, but all his efforts failed; he was therefore disposed to mark them as different species: but what M. de Buffon failed in, the late Mr. John Hunter, of London, succeeded in effecting. He obtained, by particular address, a mongrel breed between all the three wild varieties and some of the domesticated breeds, and found, as happens in regard to every other mongrel breed, that they participated of the external appearance and internal qualities of both parents, and that the progeny were capable of continuing their kind. Hence we are forced to conclude, that they are all of the same species, of which they are no more than distinct varieties. If ever a time shall come that these wild dogs shall be domesticated, there is no reason to think that they will not intermix with each other as readily as the other tame dogs do among themselves at present.

In a state of nature each animal pursues its own instinctive propensities with so much steadiness, as often to interfere with others of the same species which have different propensities; and it is so necessary for their respective preservation, that each should persevere with an unceasing attention to the means which nature has put in its power for procuring a subsistence for itself, that this circumstance tends strongly to cement that union which ever naturally subsists between those of the same propensities, while it disjoins them from all other varieties of the same species. From a frequent clashing of interests they continually view each other with an eye of jealous hostility, which keeps them from the danger of intermixing, unless on very rare occasions, in the season of love. This kind of hostile rivalship being never felt in a domesticated state, the whole being alike provided for by the protecting care of man, that sentiment of hostile estrangement becomes gradually obliterated, and thus they intermix without the smallest difficulty or hesitation. These positions will be best illustrated by an example.

When a litter of puppies come into life, they feel themselves all alike depending upon the mother; their connection with her, therefore, is close and intimate. They grow up together in the same lair, and soon feel the comfort of nestling close together in the absence of the mother. Among the first sensations they can have then, is a perception of their individual wants, and the necessity of deriving mutual assistance and comfort from each other. As they grow up, this sensation

sation is strengthened by having frequently occasion to feel that their united strength is able to repel many attacks which they could not singly have withstood, or to overcome difficulties that could not be accomplished without assistance: thus are they driven to associate together, and to form a natural unconcerted union, which keeps them from separating. As the necessity of providing their own food approaches, they must contrive some method of finding it for themselves. This can never be done but by associating with those of similar propensities. A beagle would never think of associating with a greyhound, but with other beagles; and why? because the beagle feels that she cannot run down her game by swiftness of foot, but by patient perseverance only. She therefore finds it necessary to shun the greyhound, and drive him away from her haunts, as the most destructive inmate she could ever meet with, because he would snap up all her game with ease, and leave her nothing to subsist upon. In like manner every other variety of dog is either unable to assist in her mode of chase, or frustrates her labour: each, therefore, naturally associates only with those of its own kind, and shuns all society with every other variety of the same species; thus keeping in distinct bands, even when they occupy the same district of country. It is by means of this sort that Nature in all cases effects her ends. Instinctive propensities furnish a barrier sufficiently strong for her purposes where physical impossibilities do not exist, and thus is preserved that unceasing equilibrium and harmony among jarring interests which continually check each other, and are productive of universal good.

COURTS MARTIAL.

SENTENCE of the General Court Martial on the trial of the Honourable Colonel Cochrane Johnstone, on charges preferred by Major John Gordon, both of the late 8th West India regiment. The Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington, President.

"The Court Martial, having weighed the whole of the evidence adduced by the prosecutor, Major Gordon, and that brought forward by the Honourable Colonel Andrew Cochrane Johnstone, in his defence, is of opinion, that the £500 bill mentioned in the first charge, was not clandestinely obtained by Colonel Johnstone, and that it doth not appear that his Majesty's service, or the good of the regiment, was in any degree injured by that transaction; and therefore the Court doth honourably acquit him of the former part of the first charge. With regard to the second part of the first charge, viz. directing £140 to be stopped from the Paymaster, out of the subsistence due to the regiment, the Court is of opinion, that no blame whatever attaches to Colonel Johnstone, in this transaction, and therefore also honourably acquit him of the same. With regard to the first part of the second charge, the Court is of opinion that it hath not been proved, and therefore acquits Colonel Johnstone of the same. And with regard to the second part of the second charge, viz. the having asserted a falsehood, unbecoming his rank and the character of an officer, the Court doth most honourably acquit him. With respect to the first part of the third charge, it appearing that the offence set forth therein took place—if at all—above three years prior to the date of his Majesty's

Majesty's warrant for holding this Court Martial, the Court is of opinion it hath no power to take cognizance of the same. With regard to the second part of the third charge, the Court sees no reason whatever to believe that Colonel Johnstone had any intention to derive individual benefit by the labour of the men, from working in the swamp; and they therefore acquit him of this charge, although they cannot approve his having ordered the work on the swamp, under all the circumstances of the case. With respect to the fourth charge, the Court is of opinion that it is not substantiated, and therefore acquits him accordingly."

Copy—To Gen. Sir D. Dundas, K.B. &c.

"Sir,—I have had the honour of laying before the King the proceedings of a General Court Martial, holden at Ashford, on the 14th, and continued, by adjournments, till the 19th of March last, for the trial of Lieutenant and Paymaster Thomas Allison Marshall, of the 1st West York Regiment of Militia; the opinion and sentence of which Court Martial reciting the charge is as follows:

"The Court having maturely investigated the circumstances, and considered the evidence relating to the charge exhibited against the prisoner, are of opinion he is guilty of behaving in a scandalous, infamous manner, such as is unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, in fraudulently charging Government with considerable sums for greater quantities of meat than were actually delivered to the non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the said regiment, at sundry periods between the 1st of April 1803, and the 24th of December 1804; and as it appears to the Court, that the sum of seven hundred and sixty-nine pounds nine shillings and five pence halfpenny has been overcharged by him for meat, between the 1st of April, 1803, and the 24th of December, 1804—

"The Court directs, that he the said Lieutenant and Paymaster, T. A. Marshall, do make good the same; and doth also sentence him to be discharged his Majesty's service. And I am to acquaint you, that it is not without concern that his Majesty, having noticed the ingenuous and unreserved confession of the prisoner, and the extreme penitence now professed by him, deems it, however, indispensable for the sake of example, that the sentence of the Court Martial should take effect.

"You will be pleased to favour me with a communication of the day on which his Majesty's pleasure shall have been notified to Lieutenant and Paymaster Marshall, that I may acquaint the Secretary at War therewith, as from that day his pay will cease.

(Signed) C. MORGAN."

Judge Adv. Gen. Office, Ap. 8, 1805.

FORECAST EQUAL TO LABOUR.

A PARISH clerk in the north of England, not long ago hired a Scotchman for his servant, who was to go at the cart and plough, and do other occasional jobs when wanted. In the course of conversation at hiring, the clerk asked him, if he could submit to the unpleasant business of digging graves; to which he exclaimed, "I'll warrant ye, master, I could dig

ing down the kirk for that matter; our auld bellman at Jedburgh us'd to say, he never had better pay, nor better jobs, than howking holes for fouk." It happened, soon after entering on his service, that there was a heavy fall of snow, which impeded all out-door labour. One morning he came to his master, and asked him what employment he was to go to that day. The employer hesitated for some moments, and at last told him he could find nothing for him to do. Sawney, with great gravity, replied, "I think, master, I'll away up to the kirk-yard, and howk * a few graves; we may as weel ha'e a wheen † ready, for they may come faster in when they ken we are ready for them."

* Dig. † A few.

A RAMBLE

FROM

The Metropolis to the Western Parts of England.

Kensington—Town School—Holland-House—Hammersmith—The Nunnery—Brentford—The Red Lion—Houndslow—Staines—Runamede—Ankerwick House, and a Set Down at Windsor.

THE SET OFF.

EARLY in the spring of the year, to renovate a constitution a little the worse for sedentary pursuits, I left my habitation with no other animal than my faithful dog Tray, whose origin for one moment I must digress to comment on. About two years previous, I found him a half-starved puppy in the high-way, and, placing him in my great-coat pocket, conveyed him home, where, after feeding him for some time, with kindness and attention, the dog grew, and became so attached to me, that nothing,

> "Not even sensual love that can draw all things from propriety,"

Could draw him, by day or by night, from the services of the master who reared him. I had also provided a tobacco-pipe, neatly turned from the tooth of an elephant, with two tubes of the same material, so contrived as to screw all together: in the front of the bowl was inscribed, on a piece of silver inlaid, "A help to meditation." All these were confined in a shagrin case, and occupied no more space in my pocket than an opera-glass, or one of those useless optics ridiculously dangling at the bosom of our modern mock-miopes. With this, and a fine piece of British oak, cut on the Ludsden hills, and presented me by a Kentish woodman, I cheerfully began my peregrinations; encountered the fog that overshadowed the great city, and presently got rid of the smoke and filthy effluence of that more than Newcastle colliery. The western breezes became salubrious, and as the hand of the turnpike clock pointed to the eighth hour of the morning, I entered the great gates of Hyde Park: the swans were just bending their silver bosoms to the waters of the Serpentine; nature had fully bestowed her new liveries on the vernal creation; and on all the forest-scenery of this divine spot, the sun was breaking through the clouds, and the feathered tribes greeting it with their sweetest minstrelsy, when I entered

KENSINGTON,

The first town west, and something less than two miles from the standard.

ard. It was given after the great survey, by William the Norman, to Alban de Vere, in whose family Kensington remained for many generations. It afterwards passed to Finch, Earl of Nottingham, of whom King William III. obtained it by purchase, and converted it into a royal palace, the gardens of which are still graciously opened for public gratification; the grounds are tastefully laid out, and the forest-scenery is no where surpassed in all England. Beyond this is the old ill-built church, and the

TOWN SCHOOL.

This singular clump of brick-work was raised from a design of Sir John Vanbourgh, and at first sight reminds us of his Blenheim epitaph:

> Lie heavy on him earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee.

At the extremity of the town, a little to the northward, and at the top of a fine expansive lawn, stands

HOLLAND HOUSE,

The residence of the Right Hon. Lord Holland. The ground plan of this palace is shaped like the capital Roman letter E, a fashion begun in the reign of the sixth Edward, in compliment to that hopeful Prince, adopted principally by those whose better fortunes arose from the bounty of the sovereign. The same attachment to the letter E continued during the reign of his sister Elizabeth. The shaft of this letter forms the main part of the building, the parallels at the extremities, the wings; and the tongue of the E, the porch, or grand entrance. Holland House, as is evident from the armorial shields about it [a cheveron between three crosses botony, O, a crescent. S.] was raised by Richard Lord Rich, 1546, but could not be called Holland House till 1624, when Henry Rich, Lord Kensington, was created Earl of Holland. In this family the mansion continued till after the death of the celebrated Mr. Addison, who married the widow of the noble Earl, and to whose son he was tutor. Mr. Addison took much delight in this peaceable and seldom frequented situation: it was in Holland House that gentleman wrote the greater part of his valuable productions; and here is still his portrait, finely painted, by the hand of Sir Godfrey Kneller. The title of Lord Holland was revived in the late Henry Fox, grandfather of the present Lord and possessor.

Something better than a mile on the main road is

HAMMERSMITH,

A capacious and beautiful village, inhabited principally by families of fortune, titles, and great respectability. The church, though plain without, has within it several excellent monuments, and other beautiful adornments; and on the terrace, next the Thames, lives the much admired artist Mr. P. D. Loutherbourg, whose works shall be considered a great honour to this country—particularly his Landing at Aboukir, and The Death of Abercromby—so long as the smallest trace remains on the canvas for our admiration, and a correct delineation of nature, is esteemed and taught in our upper schools. At the entrance of this town, the first building to attract the attention is

THE NUNNERY;

Of no modern institution: yet, from the silent and decorous behaviour of

of the principal, the Nunnery has made so little noise in the world, as to be seldom noticed; and indeed there are but few willing to credit the existence of such a seminary, or religious sisterhood. The nuns here have their chapel, their burying-ground, and pleasure walks, all within their own walls, which are so lofty as to exclude the eye of impertinence and idle curiosity; but their gates never lock them from the magistracy; and during the hours of devotion, so precisely moral and inoffensive are the manners of these nuns, that every orderly person must return satisfied with the whole tenour of their conduct. How dissimilar to the nuns of the continent before the new order of things took place in France. Cardinal de Retz, in his memoirs, gives a singular proof of impropriety in these ladies. "The first function," says the Cardinal, "I had to discharge, was the visitation of the Nuns of the Conception. I knew that there were in that convent above eighty of these nuns, many of whom were handsome, and some were coquets, which made me very unwilling to expose my virtue with them: however, there was no avoiding it; but I behaved myself in that affair in an edifying manner, because I did not see the face of one of them; I would never speak to them but with their veils down, and that conduct gave a mighty lustre to my chastity." Young ladies of family and fortune are sent here for education, and, at a certain age, when competent to judge for themselves, and with the entire consent of their parents, they may renounce the world and the society of man for ever, and take upon them the veil, the curtain which is to hide them *in toto* from the ends of their creation. At present there are not more than forty of these lady nuns. The habit of their order is exceedingly neat and simple. Since the French revolution, many ladies of distinction have joined this sisterhood: they are never seen abroad, but have lay-sisters to wait upon them, and to manage their affairs without the walls. It is but a short time since sister Willoughby, a lady of high distinction, died at this nunnery; the solemnities attending her funeral were equal to any thing of the Roman church in the height of its power, and yet managed with such decorum, as not to give offence to the most scrupulous in matters of religion. There is another nunnery at Acton, a small distance off, an appendage to this; but the sisters are aged, very few, and fit only for the last stage of mortality. From Hammersmith, through a brilliant arrangement of country-houses, I passed over Turnham-green, and, near the seven-mile stone and Kew-bridge, entered the town of

BRENTFORD,

Where once in seven years, or a less space,
Fraud, perjury, and corruption wait,
To try which first shall work the land disgrace,
And eat the loaves and fishes of the state.

Through a little aperture on the left, we behold, across the Thames, an extensive Gothic castle, called the New Palace at Kew, raised on the spot where once stood the Lodge—a summer retreat of Caroline, Queen of George the Second. This new building, particularly the front next the river, exhibits a gloomy mass of apparent impenetrable defence, where there is scarcely a window big enough to accommodate

accommodate the inmates of an apple-stall, without any thing about it to indicate an offspring of taste, or that in the least partakes of Gothic simplicity. For want of expansion, the towers appear like so many earthen flaggons, turned the bottoms upward; and the whole, at first sight, awakens in the beholder the idea of a building conceived amidst trembling fears, gestated in distrust, and brought forth by dreadful apprehensions. Could it be elevated on some ragged rock, we might fairly take it for a giant's castle in romance. To say the best of it, the new palace is but a melancholy clump, peering over the waters, on the flank of Brentford, unworthy the ability of Mr. Wyatt, who is said to be the projector. But, to a more cheerful subject—

THE RED LION OF BRENTFORD.

Without the powers of Prospero, there is no correcting the elements: the shower fell fast, and I was obliged to take shelter in the house that has for ages exhibited this savage monster in a brick-dust coloured skin, whose whimsical genealogy shall not be unpleasant for you to understand. In the year 1608, on the 7th of June, a very gallant ship was launched at Deptford, by Mr. Phineas Pette, which, by order of King James, then present with his Court, was named "The Red Lion of England." So highly favoured was this Red Lion, that scarce a sea-port in England omitted to hang out its resemblance; and this, in process of time, became the mother of more monsters than the wilds of Africa; for all the Red Lions from Brentford to Barnstable, and from Banf to Bantry, are descended of this aquatic parent, although no more like their progenitor, than a cucumber resembles a crocodile.

John Barnes was the first person who hung up the Red Lion at Brentford, but dying soon after, the house was shut up, and the sign taken down. Some years had elapsed, when it was opened again to sell ale in the old way; and the new landlord applying to a painter for a sign to the old name, this ingenious Appelles, metamorphosed the man of war into a terrible quadruped.

Perversions like these have been no uncommon thing with our *learned* sign-painters. The Bull and Man's Head, with a monstrous mouth, is the offspring of a glorious victory in the time of Henry VIII. when the French were defeated in the mouth of Boulogne harbour; and that of a Black Bull, rubbing himself against a field gate, was born of the signal victory the English troops obtained, under the command of Sir John Ardres, over the enemy at the entrance of Boulogne gate, where, in contempt of their threatened invasion, Sir John took away their town gates, and assured the magistrates, that when the French were hardy enough to come to Ardres-Court in Kent, he would let them have their gates again; which, although our blustering neighbours have often promised to do, they have not been able to accomplish.

> Nor shall they ever dare to do,
> If England to herself be true.

The breezes had once more dried the hasty shower, when, taking leave of old Brentford, I tripped the Brent bridge, passed the elegant entrance to Zion, the delightful mansion of his Grace of Northumberland, and in something more than half an hour, arrived at

HOUNSLOW,

HOUNSLOW,

A very handsome post town, twelve miles from the metropolis, full of good inns, and excellent accommodations. Here was formerly a friary of mendicants, whose institution was to beg alms of the passengers, not for themselves, but for the ransom of captives taken by the infidels; a practice discontinued by the Church ever since the reign of Charles the Second, when the Bishops, and other clerical dignitaries—as appears by Chamberlain's Present State of Britain—subscribed fifty thousand pounds towards the redemption of Englishmen, slaves in Barbary. Leaving the Windsor road on my right hand, at the west end of this town, I took to the southward, when that mother of ten thousand evils, the gun-powder mills, appeared to disturb my recollection, and I could not forbear to express myself thus at its gloomy aspect, and to the distant murmurs of its granulating works:—

Hark! 'tis the waters of the fall below,
Aping the pace of grief, all sad and slow;
The while they turn the cylinder around,
That brays to dust a terrible compound:
This granulated mass, deranging space,
Shakes rocks and mountains to their firmest base;
Ignitable it flies, and with the lightning's force,
Transforms the hero to a harmless corse:
Nor age nor sex it spares—so fierce its fires,
That all within its dreadful rage expires.
Yet, vagrant Muse, these sulph'rous stores esteem,
They bid our matchless navies ride supreme!

The mines of desolation were now lost to my sight, and a brighter object, the church of humble Bedfont, saluted me, where, by permission of the ingenious incumbent, the church-yard yews have been skilfully shaped into peacocks and partridges. Turning from these labours of the gardener's shears, after a walk of eighteen miles, I entered the town of

STAINES,

For its size one of the best inhabited in the whole county. 'Tis here the corporation of London finish their jurisdiction to the westward; to signify which, a stone is to be seen, still bearing an inscription, and the date 1280. From this boundary, or land-mark, the town takes its name. It is full of excellent inns, and has a good market every Friday; and lately to the great adornment of the place, a cast-iron bridge, of one arch, has been thrown over the river, from the top of which the eye is entertained with a charming landscape. The Thames eel is to be met with at Staines in the highest perfection, and of a very large size, which, when served up *a la mode de* pitchcock, becomes a dainty for the table of an emperor. Passing over the new bridge, I entered Egham, the first town this way in the county of Surry. In this manor, and near the town, is the famous

RUNAMEDE,

Where King John was forced by his Barons to sign the GREAT CHARTER, as it is called, that gave security and protection to the church, the nobles, and the gentry, but left the less fortunate mass of the people a prey to slavery, and from which they knew no remission till ages after the completion of this event. However, the people were at length admitted to a participation; may it never be violated with impunity. Sir Walter Raleigh has described this act of the nobles in a manner particularly interesting,

in

in a dialogue between a justice and a counsellor.

JUSTICE.

"King John confirmed the charter after the death of his nephew Arthur, when he was *rex de jure*.

COUNSELLOR.

"It is true, for he durst do no other, standing accursed, whereby few or none obeyed him; for his nobility refused to follow him into Scotland; and he had so aggrieved the people, by pulling down all his park-pales before harvest, to the end his deer might spoil the corn, and by seizing the temporalities of many bishopricks into his hands, and chiefly for practising the death of the Duke of Britain, his nephew; as also for having lost Normandy to the French, as the hearts of all men were turned from him. Neither was this charter of Henry I. so published that all men might plead it for their advantage, but a charter left, *in deposito*, in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury at that time, and his successors. Stephen Langton, who was ever a traytor to the King, produced this charter to the Barons, whereby encouraging them to make war against the King. Neither was it the old charter simply which the Barons sought to have confirmed, but they presented to the King other articles, or orders, tending to the alteration of the whole estate of the common weal, which when the King refused to sign, the Barons presently put themselves into the field, and, in a rebellious and outrageous fashion, sent the King word, that except he confirmed them, they would not desist from making war against him, till he had satisfied them therein; and in conclusion, the King, being betrayed by all his nobility, in effect was forced to grant the charter of *Magna Charta*, and *Charta de Forresta*, at such times as he was environed with an army in the meadows of Staines."

The obelisk that now stands in the mead, was lately erected to commemorate this part of English history, and to warn our countrymen to resort to similar expedients whenever their liberties are so far endangered as to claim vigorous exertions. Mr. Mortimer at the same time gave the public a very fine picture on the subject, which the unfortunate Mr. W. W. Ryland engraved, and the print is still treasured as the *chef-d'œuvre* of that celebrated artist. These consecrated meadows still serve as a race ground for Egham, and it is no uncommon thing to behold the horses running up to their fetlocks in the waters that overflow them. Leaving this enchanting spot, I took up the towing-path by the river, when

ANKERWICK HOUSE

Stood full before me. I had heard much of its antiquities, and had been once entertained by its honourable possessor. In early times Ankerwick House was the habitation of a religious sisterhood; it was rebuilt by Sir John Denham, Surveyor of the Works to King Charles II. whose son was author of the poem called Cooper's Hill. Ankerwick House is now the residence of John Crickett, Esq. Marshal of the Admiralty; a gentleman whose liberality outstrips his honourable station. After tracing the windings of the stream,

"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full—"

I left the pretty village of Datchet on my right, mounted the great stile,

stile, passed through the little park, and after a ramble of near thirty miles, entered the royal borough of Windsor,

Where with my friendly dog, repose I
sought,
And puff'd the calumet that quickens
thought."

You shall hear from me by the next post, with farther accounts of my peregrinations. T. N.

SPORTING PRINTS.

HAVING availed ourselves of the information communicated by our correspondent "Appelles," in a former number, announcing the then approaching appearance of the two representations of Hap-Hazard and Muly Moloch, it becomes peculiarly our province to give an impartial delineation of those elegant productions, now before the public. On the 22d ult. in conformity with the promise previously made by the proprietors, these efforts of art and patient perseverance, were publicly advertized, and offered for sale at the usual places appointed for such purposes. Looking at both, either collectively or individually, the effect instantly attracts the mind of every observer to general admiration. Far, very far beyond every thing of the sporting kind that has been brought before the eye of scientific investigation, they may be truly said to set at defiance every fear of graphic competition. It may be candidly recommended to recollection, that the greater number of prints which have hitherto appeared—somewhat similar in subjects to those before us—have been a sterile display of one single object, with a barrenness of back ground, and little additional aid to attract the eye, or lay unsullied claim to approbation.

Not so here, in a combination of just, necessary, and interesting objects, the artist has never lost sight of a single *minutia* in the whole paraphernalia of the turf—one proof that he practically understands the task he had undertaken. In the accurate representation of that admirable and celebrated horse Hap-Hazard, no distinguishing trait of his figure or excellence has been omitted. The perspective is most critically preserved; and the imitated verdure of the turf beyond description: the horse is depicted as just stripped of his body clothes, saddled, and ready to be mounted for his match against Lord Strathmore's bay horse by Walnut, at York, for 500gs, which he won with the greatest ease. In the *tout en semble* of the figure, perfection seems to be completely attained; the symmetry of the frame, the depth of the chest, the natural distension of the nostril, the emulative expression of the eye, and the rich erection of the crest, are all so correct, that they constitute a *contour* of uniform and unprecedented excellence. Attendant upon the horse, are portraits of the three who personally officiate in the care and superintendance of the object in question, when in training, and during the race. Two of these well known characters—Samuel Wheatley, the training groom, who holds the horse, and William Peirce the jockey, who is in the act of stripping to mount—are certainly superior to every description that can be extracted from the pen; in addition to which the distant view of the grand stand, encircling a bevy of beauties, with the surrounding booths, carriages,

riages, and equestrian sportsmen, afford such a picturesque representation as has very seldom, if ever, been submitted to public analization.

The companion to which, twenty-four inches by eighteen, is the portrait of that famous horse Muly Moloch, whose performances are, as well as Hap-Hazard's, annexed to the plate. This most excellent production, if a preference is to be given to either, must be acknowledged one of the most admirable efforts of human genius. The horse is represented, immediately after his winning a sweepstakes of 20gs each, ten subscribers, undergoing the ceremony of scraping, wisping, &c. &c. as is usual after a heat. In the back ground—as a specimen of the most beautiful and unprecedented perspective—is observed a natural and picturesque representation of the stands, booths, carriages in seeming action, sportsmen in all directions, and in all pleasing positions. The exact portraits of five appear in front with the horse, which is most admirably depicted in the emulative and playful attitudes for which the offspring of high blood is so remarkable when under the process of racing discipline. At some little distance behind the horse, who is seen displaying the utmost life and spirit, are three correct and most excellent portraits of Hardy the training groom, Trotter the farmer, and Thompson the gardener to Lord Darlington, whose property the horses are. The horse is well and judiciously held by a chubby-faced stable lad of the name of Tod; and they are said, by those who have seen the originals, to be the best and most highly finished likenesses ever produced from a plate. The three behind the horse form an earnest conversation piece, seldom if ever equalled in either line, stroke, or mezzotinto engraving. So far as we are enabled to decide upon the merits of the execution, we presume to predict, that, when sufficiently seen by the sporting world, they will be universally admitted superior to all that ever appeared before them.

ANOTHER SAMPSON.

THE "Gazette de la Sante," a French publication, contains the following extraordinary particulars of a man named Lemaitre, born in Switzerland, but now residing in Chateaudun, aged 80 years:

This second Milo carried on his shoulders, in the market-place of Chartres, a horse belonging to the heavy cavalry, to a considerable distance. Like his rival of Crotona, he checked in its career a carriage drawn by two horses, advancing at a smart trot; he drew after him, with one finger, twelve grenadiers, one holding the other by a handkerchief, and remained immovable, notwithstanding their united efforts, to throw him down. As active as he is strong and valiant, having been once called on to assist as one of the city guards, in the suppression of a riot at Versailles, he pursued one of the French guards, who was reputed the most active man in the regiment, and having overtaken him, he killed him by merely laying his iron hand on him, for the purpose of stopping him.—It was this event which established him at Chateaudun, as he was obliged to carry the taper of St. Lauzarus to Vendome, before he could obtain his pardon. During the revolution he was thrown into prison, when this modern Sampson obtain-ed

ed his liberty, by carrying the doors of the prison to the revolutionary committee: ardent and generous in his friendship, he solicited the freedom of his companions in misfortune. Bentabole at that time traversed the department of Eure and Loire, invested with unlimited power; Lemaitre informed of it, followed him post haste, and overtook him on the road; his carriage being stuck fast in a slough up to the axle-tree, he creeps under it, raises it up, frees it from the slough; and as a reward for his services, obtains the liberty of his fellow prisoners. A fire took place at Chateaudun, horses harnessed to graplings, tugged in vain in every direction; he unharnesses them, seizes the ropes himself, and immediately the wall gives way, and the fire is stopped. In an insurrection on account of the high price of corn, the rioters attempted to seize the municipality, of which body he was a member; he coolly stepped forward, and swimming through the tumultuous waves, he brought dozens of them to the ground. He was insulted at his own door by some national guards, who drew their sabres against him; he laid hold of one of the most impertinent among them, and wielding him as he would a club, he soon brought the whole party to their senses. About eight years ago he supported three men on the calf of one of his legs, which was bent, and at arms length lifted up a grenadier by the waist. We should never end were we to recount all the instances of his strength; his athletic form bespeaks his extraordinary vigour; and when nature shall determine to break one of the noblest of her works, science may possibly claim possession of so fine a subject as a *chef-d'œuvre* for the study of miology.

STALLIONS.

To Cover this Season.

AARON (late Sacripant) at the Lodge, Barham Wood, near Elstree, Herts, at 3gs.

Agonistes, at Mr Morland's, Sutton, Surry, at 6gs a mare, and 10s 6d the groom.

Alexander, at Figdale, near Chester, at 5gs, and 5s.

Alexander the Great, at Mr John Mayes, Bergh-Apton, near Norwich; thorough-bred mares that have won a Plate or Sweepstakes of fifty pounds or upwards, or have bred winners to that amount this season, *gratis*; other thorough-bred mares, at 5gs each, grooms fee included.

Ambrosio, at the Lodge, Barham Wood, near Elstree, Herts, at 10gs and a half.

Annecey Arabian, at Cooper's-farm, Chinkford-green, Essex, at 3gs, and 10s 6d.

Arabian (a beautiful bay) sent by the Nabob of Arcot to Marquis Cornwallis, and by him presented to Lord Paget, at Kings, by Easton-Lodge, near Dunmow, Essex, at 2gs, and a crown.

Arabian (a beautiful chesnut) from the first breed in that country, at Stanmore-house, Stanmore, Middlesex, at 3gs and a half.

Arabian Horse (a beautiful bay) at Wootton-house, near Bedford, at 3gs, and 2s 6d.

Arabian (a grey) at Cheshunt, Herts, at 5gs and a half.

Arabian (a chesnut) at Cheshunt, Herts, at 5gs and a half.

Arabian (Capt. Grey's chesnut) at Woburn, Beds, at 3gs and a half.

Bagsman, at Middlethorpe, near York, blood mares at 3gs, and country mares at 1g, and 5s.

Bay

Barnaby, at Catterick, near Richmond, in the county of York, at 4gs, and 5s.
Bay Horse (a beautiful), at Joseph Newell's, Newmarket, at 2gs, and 2s 6d.
Ben Devaynes, at Hammels-park, near Puckeridge, Herts, at 2gs, and 5s.
Beningbrough, at Shipton, nr. York, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.
Brush, at Mr Stevens's, King's-head, Caldecot, near Biggleswade, Beds, at 1g, and 2s 6d.
Cesario, at the Hare Park, near Newmarket, at 5gs, and 5s.
Cheshire Cheese, at Knutsford, in Cheshire, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.
Cockfighter, at Brompton, near Catterick and Richmond, Yorkshire, at 3gs blood mares; 1g and a half country mares; and 5s.
Coriander, at Streatham-castle, near Barnard-castle, Richmond, and Catterick, at 8gs, and 10s 6d.
Don Quixote, at Blyth, Nottinghamshire, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.
Dotterell, at Castle Coombe, Chippenham, Wiltshire, at 2gs, and 5s.
Dungannon, at Cannons-park, near Stanmore and Edgware, Middlesex; thorough-bred mares at 10gs, and 10s 6d; all others at 5gs, and 5s.
Espersykes, at Charwelton, near Daventry and Banbury, at 2gs, and 5s.
Fidget, at Woburn, Beds, at 3gs and a half.
Flageolet, at Swarkestone, near Derby, at 3gs, and 5s. Thorough-bred mares that have won a fifty pound prize against one or more reputed horses, *gratis*, paying the groom's fee only.
Gamenut, at T. Dockeray's Stables, Sutton, Surry, at 5gs, and 5s.
Gouty, at Oatlands, Surry, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.
Great Britain, at Ingestrie, near Stafford, at 2gs, and 5s.
Grouse, at Pookesley, near Stony-Stratford, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.
Guildford, at Mr Durand's Warren, Epsom Downs, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.
Hambletonian, at Middlethorpe, near York, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.
Highland Fling, at Barrows-Brook, near Cirencester, at 5gs, and 5s.
Johnny, at Broomsthorpe, nr. Rainham, Norfolk, at 5gs, and 5s.
Kill Devil, at the Lodge, Barham Wood, near Elstree, Herts, at 10gs and a half.
Lethe, at Mr Morland's, Sutton, Surry, at 5gs, and 5s; and half-bred mares 3l 8s.
Mr Teazle, at Duxbury, near Chorley, Lancashire, at 5gs, and 5s.
Meteor, at Figdale, near Chester, at 5gs, and 5s.
Moorcock, at Ranishaw, near Chesterfield, at 2gs, and 5s.
Old Tat, at Whitley, near Warrington, at 5gs, and 5s.
Osmyn Bey (a beautiful grey Arabian), at Shockerwick, near Bath, at 5gs, and 5s.
Popinjay, at Haughley White Horse, near Stowmarket, Suffolk, at 2gs, and 5s.
Shuttle, at Middlethorpe, near York, at 5gs, and 5s.
Sir Solomon, at Rufford, Notts, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.
Skyscraper, at Tytherton, Wiltshire, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.
Slapbang, at Tenterden, Kent, at 2gs, and 5s.
Sorcerer, at Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmunds, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.
Stamford, at Carr-house, near Doncaster, at 5gs, and 5s.
Stickler, at Brampton-park, near Huntingdon, at 5gs, and 5s.
Stride, at Carr-hill, near Corbridge, Northumberland, at 5gs, and 5s.

Teddy-

Teddy-the-Grinder, at Mr Durand's Warren, Epsom Downs, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.

Theodolite, at Thornville-Royal, in Yorkshire, at 2gs; all Col. Thornton's tenants *gratis*.

Totteridge, at Totteridge, near Barnet, Herts, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.

Trumpator, at Rockingham-castle, Northamptonshire, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.

Vermin, at Shrewsbury, at 3gs, and 5s.

Volunteer, at Cannons-park, near Stanmore and Edgware, Middlesex; thorough-bred mares at 10gs, and 10s 6d; all others at 5gs, and 5s.

Waxy, at Newmarket, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.

Werter, at Lowther, Westmoreland, at 5gs.

Whiskey, at Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmunds, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.

Whiskey (the brother to) at Foulstone's Livery-stables, Swallow-street, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.

Worthy, at Padnall's Farm, near Romford, Essex, at 10gs, and 10s 6d; mares not thorough bred, at 5gs, and 5s.

Young Justice, at Langham, near Bury St. Edmunds, at 3gs, and 5s; thorough-bred mares, winners of a Fifty-pound Plate, *gratis*, paying the groom's fee only.

Zecharia, at Shipton, near York, at 3gs, and 5s.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFORTS OF THE NEEDLE.

A Copious Specimen of the Puff direct.

THIS is the effusion of a gentleman of the thimble resident at Newcastle; and we have only to add, that if Mr. Snip be really what he professes, he will certainly *cut* the *skirts* of his brethren in that town and neighbourhood, in such a way as not only to deprive them of *cabbage*, but also to force them to appear in *thread-bare* garments and out at the *elbows!*

"To such as appearance and economy in dress are a consideration, or where ease and elegance in apparel are preferred to deformity and uncomfortableness, he deems it a duty he owes them, with an offer of his services, to point out some of his pretensions to public patronage. In paintings, the well-informed eye is attracted by masterly performances, which, when placed by those of less merit, shew them to a more conspicuous advantage; put his Habits and Coats to the comparison—not with Country, but London made—and if the language of his advertisement is not engraven on every feature of his work, return it, as he will not suffer any of his customers to wear any article got up by him, that can be exceeded, in the kingdom, as he regularly receives the very best information. He furnishes orders complete; or makes up with materials found him, every article in his branch, from the first measure, and sends to any part without the risk or inconvenience of misfitting; his first care is extended to the state and quality of the goods to be manufactured, and where he finds them improvable, he makes use of various processes before worked, which gives them particular advantage; in the next place, the grand and beneficial mode of cutting used by him, and which he has reduced to a science, gives his fittings a decided preference to every other: his Habits and Coats sit so completely to the shoulder, that they never fall from the neck, nor crease in any part,

part, and appear so light and pleasant to the wearer, that the more they are wore, the more approved, as they never vary in shape, the elasticity of the cloth being prevented by the proper stitch and form of cutting.—He makes very elegant and curious Coats without seams, which are much admired, and deemed a wonderful invention, as they sit equal to those with the usual seams. To mention the whole superiority of his performances, and the great approbation they are honoured with, would not have sufficient weight to influence any lady or gentleman to credit the authenticity, much more to make trial, the pomp of advertisements too often proving spurious; he therefore firmly relies on those ladies and gentlemen by whom he has had the good fortune to be already employed, to recommend him to a more extensive connection; he cannot pass unnoticed the many obligations of the kind he has already experienced from those who have employed him, and kindly mentioned and interested themselves in his establishment from their declared sentiments of being influenced only by justice to superior merit, and the hope of rewarding and giving encouragement where they find ability conspicuously deserving of general approbation: to these and all his employers he returns his sincere and heart-felt thanks, with fresh assurances of a steady perseverance, and punctual observance of their commands.

"He always attends on Monday for the reception of orders at his Manufactory, and two or three days each week indiscriminately for the convenience of inspecting the execution of his business; he devotes two days each week to the collecting of orders for the accommodation of his customers, which he divides with the utmost regularity for waiting on his friends, within the circle of twelve or thirteen miles in every direction."

ANOTHER
SKETCH OF OLD FRAMPTON*;
AND
SIR R. FAGG'S MODE OF DISGUISING HORSES.

A GENTLEMAN who made a very extensive tour in the eastern parts of this island, in the reign of Queen Anne, and published his remarks in that of George I. speaking of Newmarket, says—"Being there in October, I had the opportunity to see the horse races, and a great concourse of the nobility and gentry, as well from London as from all parts of England; but they were all so intent, so eager, so busy upon the sharping part of the sport, their wagers and bets, that to me they seemed just as so many horse-coursers in Smithfield, descending, the greatest of them, from their high dignity and quality, to the picking one another's pockets, and biting one another as much as possible; and that with so much eagerness, as it might be said they acted without respect to faith, honour, or good manners.

"There was Mr. Frampton, the oldest, and, as some say, the cunningest jockey in England; one day he lost 1000 guineas, the next he won 2000; and so alternately.

* For a portrait and some account of Old Tregonwell Frampon, see our Magazine, Vol. xviii. for April 1801.

He

He made as light of throwing away £500 or £1000 at a time, as other men do of their pocket money; and was as perfectly calm, cheerful, and unconcerned, when he had lost a thousand pounds as when he had won it.—On the other side, there was Sir R. Fagg, of Sussex, of whom fame says, he has the most in him, and the least to shew for it, relating to jockeyship, of any man there; yet he often carried the prize. His horses, they said, were all cheats, how honest soever their master was; for he scarcely ever produced a horse but he looked like what he was not, and was what nobody could expect him to be. If he was as light as the wind, and could fly like a meteor, he was sure to look as clumsy and as dirty, and as much like a cart-horse, as all the cunning of his master and the grooms could make him; and just in this manner he bit some of the greatest gamesters in the field.

"I was so sick of the jockeying part, that I left the crowd about the posts, and pleased myself with observing the horses; how the creatures yielded to all the arts and management of their masters; how they took their airings in sport, and played with the daily heats which they ran over the course before the grand day; but how, as not knowing the difference equally with their riders, they would then exert their utmost strength, as much as at the time of the race itself, and that to such an extremity, that one or two of them died in the stable, when they came to be rubbed after the first beat.

"Here I fancied myself in the *Circus Maximus* at Rome, seeing the ancient games, and under this deception was more pleased than I possibly could have been among the crowds of gentlemen at the weighing and starting posts; or at their meetings at the coffee-houses and gaming-tables, after the races were over. Pray take it with you, as you go, that you see no ladies at Newmarket, excepting a few of the neighbouring gentlemen's families, who come in their carriages to see a race, and then go home again."

AMUSEMENTS AT LIMA, IN SOUTH AMERICA.

FIRST, it is observed of cock-fighting, that as this diversion was not under any regulations till 1762, the duties of society were not only neglected by many individuals, but there were continual disputes among the amateurs. At length the little square of St. Catherine, near the walls of the city, was fixed upon for this amusement only. It is observed that the brook running here, and the gardens which almost surround this spot, the goodness of air, &c. render the situation most delightful. The building in which the sport is carried on, forms a kind of amphitheatre: the seats naturally ascend, leaving nine open spaces between them for the spectators, who stand. On the outside of the amphitheatre is a very commodious stair-case, which leads to the upper galleries, twenty-nine in number, not including that of the judge, which is distinguished by its decorations and its magnitude. Here this amusement is permitted not only two days in the week, but on Saint's days and on Sundays; the seats in the corridors are let at different prices, but the spectators who stand in the nine open spaces between the area and the galleries, are admitted gratis. Notwithstanding the

the crowd is often immense, no disorders occur, as the judge, who decrees the prizes to the winners, has always a guard with him to enforce his authority.

Tennis is a game which is free to every one, and is also a very wholesome recreation: the players are under no other restriction, excepting that of confining the sums they play for within four piastres.

The bull-fights here, are regulated both as to time and place; and when the combatants want an occasion to shew their valour, they excite admiration by their activity. The cruel custom of ham-stringing the animals that are backward in resenting all other provocation, is extremely blameable, and growing much out of repute. During the whole time, however, the spectators are perpetually teased by the sellers of a kind of punch, which the Spaniards call *ague de berros;* but so strongly impregnated with brandy, that it would be fatal to drink it in a country less temperate than Peru; in fine, the bull fights are attended with much less cruelty than they were, only six years ago.

The most fashionable walk, or promenade, is that of *Alameda*, which is most frequented on Sundays, New Year's Day, and Twelfth Day, (when the Judges, or Alcaides are elected,) and the 2d of August. The horse-races between the mountains in the environs of Lima, commence on St. John's Day, June 24th, and continue till the end of September. The dew that falls during those months, covering the shrubs and flowers in the sandy plains which terminate the valley, render the season truly delightful; but nothing is so fatal in this climate, as for Europeans to remain out late at night, exposed to the air, or, as they sometimes do, when they sleep in the slender huts belonging to the native Indians.

Here the number of carriages of all descriptions, the variety of their forms and colours, the elegance of the liveries and the persons of rank that frequent the course, with the magnificent dress of the ladies who grace the scene, render the spectacle undescribably pleasing: however, there is a stiffness and formality among people of fashion, in their manner of saluting each other, which, as it has been long looked upon as ridiculous, is now beginning to wear off apace.

The promenade of *La Piedra Lisa*, is formed for the lovers of tranquillity and meditation. The foliage of the trees by which it is circumscribed, the agreeable umbrage, and the proximity of the river, with the extensive view of the valley of *Luriganeho*, the cultivated state of the country, and the beautiful landscape which it offers to the eye, fill the mind with the most grateful conceptions. In every other respect, the amusements of the city are daily, as it were, approximating nearer to the taste of the great cities of Europe, if we make allowance for some customs, manners, and peculiarities, which in all countries, like the idioms of a language, are untransferrable.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

[The manner of celebrating the Christmas Holidays in the Inner Temple, in the time of Queen Elizabeth; extracted from Ireland's History of the Inns of Court, and by him taken from Gerard Leigh's Accidence of Memory.]

THIS day the sewer, carver, and cupbearer are to serve as afore. After the first course served in, the Constable

Constable Marshall cometh into the hall, arrayed with a fair, rich, complete harness, white, and bright, and gilt, with a nest of feathers of all colours upon his crest or helm, and a gilt pole-axe in his hand; and with him sixteen trumpeters, four drums and fifes, going in rank before him: and with them attendeth four men in white harness, from the middle upwards, and halberts in their hands, bearing on their shoulders, the tower: which persons with the drums and musick go three times about the fire. Then the Constable Marshall, after two or three curtesies made, kneeleth down before the Lord Chancellor, behind him the Lieutenant and they kneeling, the Constable Marshall pronounceth an oration of a quarter of an hour's length, thereby declaring the purpose of his coming, and that his purpose is to be admitted into his lordship's service.

Then the Constable Marshall standing up, in submissive manner, delivereth his naked sword to the Steward, who giveth it to the Lord Chancellor, and thereupon the Lord Chancellor willeth the Marshall to place the Constable Marshall in his seat; and so he doth, with the Lieutenant also in his seat or place. During this ceremony, the tower is placed beneath the fire.

Then cometh in the Master of the Game, apparelled in green velvet, and the Ranger of the Forest also, in a green suit of satin, bearing in his hand a green bow and divers arrows, with either of them a hunting horn about their necks; blowing together three blasts of venary, they pace round about the fire three times. Then the Master of the Game maketh three curtesies as aforesaid, and desireth to be admitted into his service, &c. All this time the Ranger of the Forest standeth directly behind him. Then the Master of the Game standeth up.

This ceremony also performed, a huntsman cometh into the hall, with a fox and a purse net, with a cat, both bound at the end of a staff; and with them nine or ten couple of hounds, with the blowing of hunting horns. And the fox and cat are by the hounds set upon, and killed beneath the fire. This sport finished, the Marshall placed them in their several appointed places.

Then proceedeth the second course; which done, and served out, the Common Serjeant delivereth a plausible speech to the Lord Chancellor, and his company at the highest table, how necessary a thing it is to have officers at this present, the Constable Marshall, and Master of the Game, for the better honour and reputation of the commonwealth, and wisheth them to be received, &c.

Then the King's Serjeant at Law declareth and inferreth the necessity; which heard, the Lord Chancellor desireth respite of further advice. Then the antientest of the Revels singeth a song, with assistance of others here present.

At supper the hall is to be served in all solemnity as upon Christmas day, both the first and second course to the highest table. Supper ended, the Constable Marshall presented himself with drums afore him, mounted upon a scaffold borne by four men, and goeth three times round about the harthe, crying out aloud, A Lord! a lord! &c. Then he descendeth and goeth to dance, &c. And after he calleth his court, every one by name, one by one, in this manner.

Sir Francis Flatterer, of Fowlehurst, in the county of Buckingham.

Sir Randall Rackabite, of Rascall-hall, in the county of Rake-hell.

Sir

Sir Morgan Mumchance, of Muchmonkery, in the county of Madmapery.

Sir Bartholomew Baldbreach, of Buttock'sbury, in the county of Brekeneck.

This done, the Lord of Misrule addresseth himself to the banquet: which ended, with some minstrelsye, mirth, and dancing, every man departeth to rest.

The remaining days of Christmas were celebrated in a similar manner.

Such were the ridiculous amusements of some of the most distinguished characters in the kingdom in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The modern sportsman will view with disgust, the cruelty and folly of a fox chace in so confined a place as the hall of the Inner Temple; and the wit will not feel much gratification in the gross and senseless allusions of the Constable Marshall. To the antiquary, however, this recital of the customs and manners of old times may afford some degree of delight; and the rigid moralist, who is daily complaining against a deterioration in the conduct of mankind, will, upon the perusal of this account, be at least compelled to confess, that the present age surpasses that of which we have been speaking, in those essential points of national improvement, delicacy, and humanity.

This mummery was exhibited in the 4th of Elizabeth. The Lord Robert Dudley (afterwards Earl of Leicester), was the principal actor; his title on the occasion was Palaphilos, being Constable Marshall: his officers were as follows:

Mr. Onslow, Lord Chancellor.
Anthony Stapleton, Lord Treasurer.
Robert Kilway, Lord Privy Seal.
John Fuller, Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
William Pole, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.
Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer.
Mr. Bashe, Steward of the Household.
Mr. Copley, Marshal of the Household.
Mr. Paten, Chief Butler.
Christopher Hatton, Master of the Game, (he was afterwards Lord Chancellor.)
Mr. Blaston, Mr. Yorke, Mr. Penston, Mr. Jervise, } Masters of the Revels.
Mr. Parker, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Mr. Kendall, Carver.
Mr. Martyn, Ranger of the Forests.
Mr. Stradling, Sewer.

There were besides these several others, and upwards of fourscore of the guard.

We cannot avoid concluding this account with some very appropriate lines from the long story of our poet, Gray:—

"My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
And seals and maces danc'd before him;
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

DEAN SWIFT OUTWITTED BY THE COBLER.

An English gentleman having some occasion to see the Dean, went over to Ireland for the purpose of waiting on him; but, being an entire stranger to the country, he made many ineffectual inquiries after his place of residence,

dence, till at length he found out a cobler's stall in the vicinity of his mansion, where, seeing the man at work, he inquired of him where the Dean lived. The cobler, pursuing his business, and unmindful of the inquirer, replied, "I knows nothing at all at all about him." In the interim a woman passing by, and hearing the conversation, asked the cobler if he was not ashamed to say he did not know the Dean, when he lived but a few doors from him? The cobler still persisting in his answer, the woman directed the gentleman to the Dean, who, it would be unnecessary to mention, received him with that politeness and hospitality distinguishable to himself and the country. After the Dean and his guest had completed the business they had been investigating, they went into general topics of conversation; in the course of which the gentleman told the Dean he was astonished that a man of his public character should be so little known; "So little known," replied the Dean, "I am known from one end of Ireland to the other! Not a shoeblack, nor a chandler's shop, but could direct you!" "How happens it, then," says the gentleman, "that the cobler opposite, now at work in his stall, says he does not know you?" "Not know me!" replies the Dean in warmth, "Not know me! I'll send for him directly, and know the cause of this insult." He sent for the cobler, who attended forthwith, when, inquiring of him "how he dared to say he did not know him?" the cobler (scratching his head) said, "Your honour I never knows a man I never drank with, and I never drank with your honour." The Dean conceiving him to be one of his sort in eccentricity said, "Well, cobler, we will be better acquainted;" and ordering up a bottle of wine, bid him sit down and drink with him; which while they were doing check by jole, as the saying is, the Dean inquired after his pursuits in life—as, how he lived, what family he had, &c. The cobler told him he had a wife and six children, and nothing but his labour to depend on. The Dean then asked him if it would do him a service was he to lend him £5, and to take it by instalments at 2s per week; to which the cobler answered, he should consider him the best friend he ever had. The Dean immediately gave him the money, with a positive injunction that he should come on that day week, and every succeeding day on the weeks following, till the whole of the money should be paid; which the cobler agreeing to, they had recourse to their conversation and the bottle. When the cobler found the bottle nearly exhausted, he asked the Dean if he would grant him a favour. The Dean, after some hesitation, said he could not grant a favour, unless he knew the conditions. The other said he could not propose it unless he unconditionally agreed to comply with it, stating there was nothing improper in it. The Dean, conceiving the cobler an oddity like himself, agreed to grant it. The cobler then said, "Will you agree to cobler's law?" "Cobler's law!" said the Dean; "but I have promised, and will agree to it." Then said the cobler, "the cobler's law is this, that he who is the *receiver*, treats; and, as I have received five pounds of you this night, here is my two shillings for the bottle of wine." The Dean took his money, and at parting desired him to be punctual, which the cobler promised. On the first day of payment the cobler went to fulfil his engagement, and paid the Dean

Dean his first instalment, which after having received he was leaving the room; when the cobler told him he was the *receiver*, and of course he must treat him. "Pox take you," said the Dean, "if cobler's law obliges me to treat you with a bottle of wine every time you pay me two shillings, I'd better be without your custom. Keep the money, and don't trouble me any more."

HORSE-CHASE UPON THE FROZEN SEA.

THAT very judicious and entertaining traveller, Mr. Joseph Acerbi, speaking of his passage over the Gulf of Bosnia, is highly curious and interesting.

"When a traveller is going to cross over the Gulf on the ice to Finland, the peasants always oblige him to engage double the number of horses to what he had upon his arrival at Griolehaim. We were forced to take no less than eight sledges, though being only three in company, and two servants. The distance across is forty-three English miles, thirty of which you travel on the ice, without touching on land. This passage over the frozen sea is, doubtless, the most singular and striking spectacle that a traveller from the south can behold. I expected to travel forty-three miles without sight of land, over a vast and uniform plain, and that every successive mile would be in exact unison, and monotonous correspondence with those I had already travelled; but my astonishment was greatly increased in proportion as we advanced from our starting-post. The sea, at first smooth and even, became more rugged and unequal. It assumed, as we proceeded, an undulating appearance resembling the waves by which it had been agitated. At length we met with masses of ice heaped one upon the other, and some of them seemed as if suspended in the air, while others were raised in the form of pyramids. On the whole, they exhibited a picture of the wildest and most savage confusion, that surprised the eye by the novelty of its appearance. It was an immense chaos of icy ruins, presented to view under every possible form, and embellished by superb stalactites, of a blue green colour.

Amidst this chaos, it was not without much fatigue and trouble that our horses were able to find, and pursue their way; it was necessary to make frequent windings, and sometimes to return in a contrary direction, following that of a frozen wave, in order to avoid a collection of icy mountains. In spite of all our expedients for discovering the evenest paths, our sledges were every moment overturned to the right or the left, and frequently the legs of one or the other of the company raised perpendicularly in the air, served as a signal for the whole of the caravan to halt. The inconvenience and the danger of our journey were still farther increased by the following circumstances. Our horses were made wild and furious both by the sight and smell of our great pelisses, manufactured of the skins of Russian wolves or bears. When any of the sledges were overturned, the horses that belonged to it, or to that next to it, frightened at the sight of what they supposed to be a wolf or bear, rolling on the ice, would set off at full gallop, to the great terror of both passenger and driver.

driver. The peasant, apprehensive of losing his horse in the midst of this desert, kept firm hold of his bridle, and suffered the horse to drag his body through masses of ice, of which the sharp points threatened to cut him in pieces. The animal at last, wearied out by the constancy of the man, and disheartened by the obstacles continually opposed to his flight, would stop; then we were enabled again to get into our sledges, but not till the driver had blinded the animal's eyes: but one time, one of the wildest and most spirited horses in our train, having taken fright, and completely made his escape, the peasant who conducted him, unable any longer to endure the fatigue and pain of being dragged through the ice, let go his hold of the bridle. The horse, relieved from his weight, and feeling himself at perfect liberty, redoubled his speed, and surmounted every impediment; the sledge, which he made to dance in the air, by alarming his fears, added wings to his flight. When he had fled a considerable distance from us, he appeared, from time to time, as a dark spot, which continued to diminish in the air, and at last totally vanished from our sight. And now the peasant, who was the owner of the fugitive, taking one of the sledges, went in search of him, trying to find him again by following the traces of his flight. As for ourselves, we made the best of our way to one of the isles of Aland, keeping as nearly as we could, in the middle of the same plain, still being repeatedly overturned, and always in danger of losing one or other of our horses, which would have occasioned a very serious embarrassment. During the whole of this journey on the ice, we did not meet with so much as a man, a beast, a bird, or any living creature. These vast solitudes present a desert abandoned, as it were, by nature. The dead silence that reigns is interrupted only by the whistling of the winds against the prominent points of ice, and sometimes by the loud crackings occasioned by their being irresistibly torn from this frozen expanse: pieces thus forcibly broken off, are frequently blown to a considerable distance. Through the rents produced by these ruptures, you may see the watery abyss below; and it is sometimes necessary to lay planks across these rents, as bridges, for the sledges to pass over.

After considerable fatigue, and having refreshed our horses, about half way on the high sea, we at length touched at the small island of Signilskar, about thirty-five English miles distant from where we started; but from the turnings we were obliged to make, not less than ten miles might be added. All this while, however, we were kept in anxious suspence about the fugitive horse, supposing him lost in the abyss; we had even prepared to continue our journey, and had put on new horses to the sledges, when with inexpressible pleasure we espied the two sledges that went in pursuit, returning with the fugitive. The animal was in the most deplorable condition imaginable; his body was covered all over with sweat and foam, and was still enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Still we did not dare to come near him; the excessive fatigue of his violent course had not abated his ferocity; he was as much alarmed at the sight of our pelisses as before; he snorted, bounded, and beat the snow and ice with his feet; nor could the utmost exertions of the peasants

peasants to hold him fast have prevented him from once more making his escape, if we had not retired to some distance, and removed the sight and sense of our pelisses. From Signilskar we pursued our journey through the whole of the isles of Aland, where you meet with post houses, that is to say, places where you may get horses. You travel partly by land, and partly over the ice of the sea. The distance between some of these islands is not less than eight or ten miles. On the sea, the natives have had the precaution of fixing branches of trees, or putting small pines along the whole route for the guidance of travellers in the night time, or directing them how to find out the right way after the falls of snow."

THE VENETIAN OUTLAW.

Drury-lane Theatre.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Count Vivaldi	Mr. Elliston.
Alfieri	Mr. Powell.
Orsano	Mr. Barrymore.
Doge of Venice	Mr. Raymond.
Rozara	Mrs. H. Johnston.

THE fable of this piece is chiefly founded on one of the numerous conspiracies produced by struggles for power in the republic of Venice, and many of the situations seem to be taken from Mr. Lewis's novel called "The Bravo of Venice."

The Count Vivaldi and his son, Venetian nobles, having been unjustly accused of treason, and banished from the states of Venice, the father dies in exile, the son assumes the name of Walstein, and serves in the armies of Charles V. and on the Venetians requesting the Emperor to send them a general to command their troops, he appoints Vivaldi, under his assumed character of Walstein. Vivaldi, eager to serve his country, and also to see again the daughter of the Doge, to whom he is secretly married, hazards his return, trusting that long absence, and other causes, would prevent his being recognized, except by his friend Alfieri, with whom he appoints an interview, and who consents to aid his views. On Vivaldi's way to Venice, he obtains information of a conspiracy formed against the state by Count Orsano, who was at once his rival with Rozara, and his political enemy. He intercepts one of Orsano's agents or freebooters, called Abelino, who being slain, Vivaldi resolves to personate him, for the purpose of discovering the whole of the conspiracy. Out of these circumstances arises the interests of the piece; and after many difficulties, Vivaldi succeeds in his patriotic views, and is re-united to his wife.

The plot is extremely interesting, and some of the parts are truly dramatic; but there is not enough of the nerve or terseness of the stage in the dialogue, which was unconnected, and, in many places, abounded with common-place moral declamation. Notwithstanding this, it has merit of a very superior order; and, with the aid of music, as a Melo-Drama, or the relief of comic characters, as an Opera, would be crowned with no common success. The author has an excellent notion of the stage.

Rozara was performed by Mrs. H. Johnston; the daring features of Vivaldi were delineated with admirable energy by Mr. Elliston; and Mr. Barrymore was no less successful

successful in the principal conspirator: the concluding line of his part was honoured with three distinct rounds of applause. Neither the poetry nor the sentiment had any extraordinary claim to excellence or originality; it was simply this—

"I am not bound to answer interrogatories."

And yet, whether from the emphatic manner of the performer, or the application of the audience to a recent political event, it shook the house with applause.

Mr. Elliston is said to be the author or translator of this drama.

The stile in general seldom rises above mediocrity, but in a few passages there was considerable strength and happiness of expression discoverable. The *situations*, as they are theatrically termed, were more diversified and striking than are to be found in any regular dramatic exhibition. It was a second time received by a numerous audience with very great applause; and is certainly highly creditable to the talents of Mr. Elliston, whether considered as an author or performer.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN; OR, WHAT CAN BEAUTY DO?

Drury-lane Theatre.

A NEW AFTER-PIECE.

THOUGH this little drama bears some resemblance to the Maid of the Oaks in its opening, the fable, in its progress, is differently constructed, and is above the common order of those mere vehicles for music.

Lord Broomville is about to marry Miss Belcour, who gives her reluctant assent, as her heart is fixed on Henry, who it is supposed died in Egypt. The mirth of the earlier scenes is well kept up by Miss Dashaway and Mr. Racket (Miss De Camp and Mr. Bannister) from London. Johnstone and Mrs. Bland, as a gardener and a *soubrette*, furnish no small share of pleasantry. In the end, Captain Manly, mourned under the name of Henry, returns, and sends a challenge to his father, whom he did not know under his new title. Being recognized, the transfer is not difficult, and he is made the husband of Belinda Belcour.

In the dialogue there are some very palpable hits at what is called fashionable life. The music, by Hook, will advance even his established reputation. The glee, the duet, and the *polacca*, in the first act, which were all *encored*, will no doubt be favourites with the public. The following *bravura*, in the second act, was given by Mrs. Mountain with very considerable effect:

BRAVURA.—BELINDA.

Strike the harp, sweep the strings like the Druids of old,
The Genius of Britain inspires the lay,
Let the strain be majestic, mighty, and bold,
While the banners of Britain her heroes display.
Strike! strike the bold strain!

Rise, Britons, rise, thy foes advance,
The din of war like waters roars,
Arise, and meet the pow'rs of France,
Like rocks that guard your native shores;
Till British fame to Heaven shall rise,
And shouts of vict'ry rend the skies:
Thus Britain's Genius speaks in me,
Fight, conquer, and be free.

This piece continues to be received with considerable applause.

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THE DRAMA.

THE Thespian Dictionary, or Dramatic Biography of the Present Age, containing Sketches of the Lives, Lists of the Productions, various Merits, &c. &c. of all the principal Dramatists, Composers, Commentators, Managers, Actors, and Actresses, of the United Kingdom; interspered with numerous original Anecdotes; forming a Complete Modern History of the English Stage.

From the very comprehensive title-page of this interesting work, our readers will be enabled to form some idea of its contents; nor will they be disappointed in the perusal of it. We have experienced much satisfaction ourselves; and can with confidence recommend it to the notice of our friends. Here the amateur, as well as the professional man, will probably find much entertainment, and some useful lessons. The typography is peculiarly neat, and extends to near 500 pages, which are illustrated by twenty-two engravings of the most popular performers.

We shall here introduce the advertisement prefixed to the work, and conclude our notice of it with a sketch of the life of Master Betty, the theatrical phenomenon of the present day.

"The very flattering success of the first edition of the Thespian Dictionary has induced the Editor to revise the work with peculiar attention, and, availing himself of those emendations which have been kindly pointed out by Correspondents and Reviewers, it is humbly presumed, that the present edition will be found as correct as a volume of this nature can possibly be. The additions chiefly consist of authentic memoirs of several performers, who, since the former edition, have appeared on the London boards. The works of the dramatists are also brought down to the present period; further particulars are given of remarkable characters; and several country managers, actors, &c. hitherto unnoticed, are now included. It must however be observed, that in the following alphabetical collection of dramatic biography, names, particularly, of the inferior performers now living, are purposely omitted, as unworthy notice, especially as nothing could with justice be said of them to interest the public, or redound to their own advantage. Nor, indeed, could the bare mention of such names, which would have occupied too much space in these our limited pages, and which might seldom or never be looked for, be of any utility either to themselves or the public: it was necessary to show that *some* persons *have been*, or *are*; this plan has been adopted: but the most insignificant are, in justice to their demerits, consigned to oblivion. It may also be necessary to add, that a few names, particularly of the deceased, though not to be met with according to the alphabetical arrangement, are, notwithstanding, mentioned in the course of this work, which is intended more for a pocket remembrancer of the most principal managers, dramatists, &c. of all the theatres of the united kingdom, than a worthless record of family anecdote and green-room scandal.

As the diminutive type of the former edition was not agreeable to the generality of readers, this complaint is removed in the present; and additional engravings are also given, as a farther improvement, particularly

of the Young Roscius, whose recent fame justly entitles him to notice. Thus the Editor, as was his duty for the encouragement already received, has endeavoured to render the Thespian Dictionary doubly worthy the continuance of public favour. But so various are the changes which continually and suddenly take place in the theatrical world, owing to "Management," "Matrimony," "The Doctor and the Apothecary," &c. that it would be absolute presumption in him to announce even this revised edition truly perfect. Soon after the first part was committed to the press, some alterations happened; on account of which it was deemed necessary to conclude the work with a supplementary page, which the reader is requested to consult."

MASTER W. H. W. BETTY.

Actor, and styled The Young Roscius, is the only son of Mr. William Henry West Betty, formerly of Hopton Wafers in Shropshire, and lately of Ballynahinch, in the county of Down, and within a few miles of Belfast, Ireland, and was born September 13, 1791, at St. Chad's, Shrewsbury. His father is of Irish birth, and son of Dr. Betty, a respectable physician at Lisburn in Ireland: for some time he has been engaged in a farm at Ballynahinch, where he also had a concern in a linen manufactory. Here young Betty received the rudiments of his education, and imbibed a fondness for recitation from the peculiar taste of his mother, who was a Miss Stanton of Worcestershire, a lady of superior accomplishments, and possessed of a handsome fortune, which, according to report, is settled upon the son. She is said to have been an eminent performer in private theatrical parties, and consequently capable of instructing her boy. Master Betty having accidentally accompanied his father to the theatre, Belfast, where Mrs. Siddons was engaged to play a few nights in 1802, was so suddenly charmed with the representation of "Pizarro," that on his return home he not only surprised his parents, by reciting several of Elvira's speeches, which he had committed to memory, in imitation of Mrs. Siddons, but emphatically declared his resolution of becoming an actor; and this disposition continuing with increased ardour, he was at length introduced by his father to Mr. Atkins, manager of the Belfast theatre, before whom, and his prompter, Mr. Hough, Master Betty rehearsed those passages, which he had thus learned, to their mutual satisfaction. An intimacy now took place between Mr. Betty and Mr. Hough, when the latter—disengaged from theatrical business in consequence of the then rebellion, which obliged all the theatres throughout Ireland to shut—accepted an invitation from the former, and spent a few days at Ballynahinch. During his stay, Master Betty cheerfully availed himself of his instructions, and now perfected himself in several first rate characters, particularly Osman, (Zara); Rolla, (Pizarro); Douglas, &c. On Mr. Hough's return to Belfast, Mr. Atkins, induced by his favourable report of the boy's surprising talents, engaged him for four nights, and his first public appearance was in Osman, August 16, 1803, when but a month short of twelve years old. The bills set forth the character *by a young gentleman, only* ELEVEN *years of age*, which naturally attracted a crowded house. His

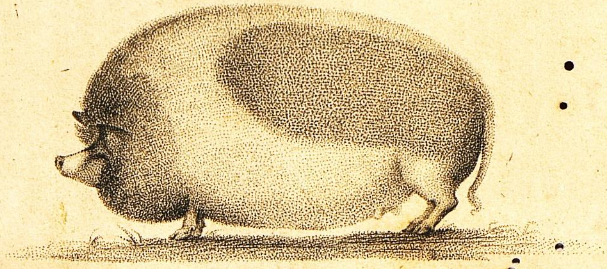
His performance was received with universal admiration. His next character was Young Norval in Douglas, which was succeeded by Rolla, and his engagement concluded with Romeo. His reputation having increased with each attempt, his father wisely resolved to indulge his son's inclination; we say wisely, for there is a false pride which generally characterizes the Irish nation, and holds the profession of an actor in contempt; notwithstanding Ireland has to boast of having given birth to, or bringing forward, some of our most eminent performers. On an invitation from Mr. Jones, manager of the Theatre Royal Dublin, an engagement was made for nine nights. Here Master Betty made his appearance in Young Norval, and he performed his number of nights to overflowing houses with continued applause. It was in this city he was first publicly known by the name of The Infant Roscius, upon which we shall make some remarks hereafter. His next engagement was at Cork, where his career was equally brilliant. Such was now his fame, that Mr. Jackson invited him to Scotland. Accordingly he visited Glasgow, accompanied by his preceptor Mr. Hough, where his first appearance was on May 21, 1804, in Young Norval. Here he performed fourteen nights to overflowing houses, and "with the greatest bursts of applause" says the manager "that was ever witnessed by any audience." Such was also his success at Edinburgh, that the veteran manager, Mr. Jackson, mentions the following singular occurrence in a well-written pamphlet, which seems to have been published principally with a view of castigating an anonymous defamer of the boy and of himself: "Mr. Home," author of Douglas, &c. "came, according to his word, and I had the pleasure of seating him at the side of the first wing, where I had enjoyed the same honour, at the very play, forty-three years before. And I presume no one ever received higher gratification than he did from the performance of the Young Roscius that evening. I speak it from conviction. I read his looks, and saw the undisguised workings of his frame. The play concluded with reiterated applauses; which had scarcely ceased when the author of Douglas, in the plenitude of rapturous enthusiasm, from the unexpected gratification he had received, stepped forward before the curtain, and bowed respectfully to the audience, retiring amidst the convulsed and tumultuous acclamations of the house. I asked him how he had been entertained? He answered, 'Never better, Sir; this is the first time I ever saw the part of Douglas played—that is, according to my ideas of the character, as at that time I conceived it, and as I wrote it. This child is a wonderful being; his endowments are great beyond conception; and I pronounce him at present, or at least that he soon will be, one of the first actors of the British stage." Mr. Jackson also states, that, like other boys, he indulges himself in juvenile amusements off the boards; and he who perhaps has been playing marbles an hour before with some of his playfellows, has, without any previous preparation, except dressing, and without that timidity natural to youth, entered, and acted boldly, as Richard the Third, before a crowded audience. At Edinburgh he also played fourteen nights, and repeated the characters of Douglas, Hamlet, Rolla,

Tancred,

Tancred, and Richard. His next visit was to Birmingham, on the advantageous terms of dividing with the manager, Mr. M'Cready, the receipts—after deducting the nightly charges—and a benefit. Here he performed the first week, Douglas, Hamlet, Rolla, Richard; the second week, Hamlet, Osman, Douglas, Romeo, and Achmet (Barbarossa); and the third week, Frederick (Lovers Vows), Hamlet, Octavian (Mountaineers), and Richard, with considerable fame and emolument. Here Mr. Justice Graham, one of the managers of Drury-lane, saw his performance, and made him an offer of half a clear benefit for seven nights; a proposal naturally rejected, when he was making upwards of £60 per night in the country. As the friends of the boy now demanded 50 guineas per night, and a whole clear benefit, the Drury-lane managers began to deliberate, and Mr. Harris, in the interim, engaged him on the terms proposed. This roused the Drury-lane managers, who immediately sent their deputy, Mr. Wroughton, to Liverpool, where our young hero was now adding to his fame—having also gathered laurels at Sheffield—to outbid their rival, and to remind his friends that they had made a prior proposal. His friends, however, swayed by honour, observed that Mr. Harris, had made a prior engagement; however, as the agreement between them did not forbid Master Betty from performing elsewhere in London during the intervening nights or weeks, the managers of Drury-lane availed themselves of this opportunity, and engaged him for the intervals between the Covent Garden nights. His first appearance in London accordingly took place at Covent Garden on Saturday December 1, 1804, in Achmet (Barbarossa), which character he repeated the following Monday, and the same week appeared in Douglas and Frederick. On Monday, December 10, he appeared at Drury-lane in Douglas, which character he also repeated at that theatre, and likewise performed Achmet; but having been suddenly taken ill on the day intended for a repetition of the latter character, many hundreds were disappointed of witnessing that night his extraordinary abilities. Great have been the encomiums bestowed upon this young gentleman, which, though they have raised high expectations, and created universal curiosity, have not, like the generality of puffs, been productive of disappointment. That a boy could perform such arduous characters in a style superior to many of our veteran actors, was seemingly an exaggerated account; consequently many prejudiced and incredulous critics attended his performances in London, to point out all his defects; among these were several performers, who chiefly occupied the best seats. Prejudice however vanished, and incredulity recanted! The most fastidious saw his beauties, and could not deny his merit; while the performers, who were only spectators that night, beheld in him a faithful mirror, which pointed out to them their own defects. Mr. Knight, the comedian, we are told, would not credit the accounts of his merit, till ocular demonstration satisfied him: and Mr. Stephen Kemble, deriding the idea of his excellence, gave it as his opinion that it must be "a Tom Thumb exhibition." However, this Lilliputian actor certainly brings more money in a few nights to the theatrical treasuries, than Falstaff Kemble will in

a whole

a whole season. The writer of this confesses, that he disbelieved all the reports in his favour, but he owns he was agreeably surprised, and highly entertained, by his performance; still he must think that Master Betty would perform to greater advantage, if playing with gentlemen and ladies of his own age; for, notwithstanding the characters he has played in London, except Octavian, are really juvenile, yet, when on the boards with Mr. Barrymore, &c. the disparity of stature, as well as years, greatly diminishes his worth. Merit, indeed, made Garrick "six feet high," but then he spoke like an adult—he acted like a man: this Master Betty, on account of his puerile voice and appearance, cannot do; and therefore when a tall, masculine Lord Randolph becomes jealous of our Young Norval, or an Irene, old enough to be Zapphira the mother, falls in love with a Selim thirteen years old, we cannot overlook his age and stature. This remark is not made to detract from the young gentleman's merit, but merely to point out to how much greater advantage it might have been displayed: and surely, as Mr. Colman lately produced a piece—Fairies' Revels—chiefly performed by children, the managers of the winter theatres might, on this occasion, have provided a juvenile company. There is an impropriety in calling him the Young Roscius. Roscius was the best Roman actor of whom we have any account; and the public were so justly dazzled by the splendour of Mr. Garrick's talents, that having no person, in the memory of man, to compare him to, but having some indistinct ideas of transcendent merit in Roscius, they borrowed that name as the only compliment they had to bestow. Now as the English Roscius is still in memory, the compliment to Master Betty should have been the Young Garrick—not the Young Roscius: and even this compliment should not have been presumptuously paid him by the managers or his friends, till a London audience had, by their approbation, conferred it on him. At Covent Garden he was properly announced as Master Betty, but the Drury-lane managers copied the title which was given him in the country bills; not considering that what may be allowed in the country, by way of attraction, is quite unnecessary in London. A report that this young gentleman was a ward in Chancery originated from his having been introduced to the Lord Chancellor, who desired to see him: the proprietors of Drury-lane, however, for the laudable purpose of insuring to him hereafter his present earnings, generously endeavoured, but without effect, to confirm this report. He is about four feet six inches in height; his features are handsome, but not peculiarly marked; his eye is quick and brilliant; his habits and observations are puerile, unless questions are put to him in order to try the force and provoke the exercise of his mind: then his answers are so appropriate as to excite surprise. His heart is excellent, as the following anecdote will prove:—While at Birmingham a proposal was made to him to perform for the benefit of one of the minor performers, who was in a state of indigence: he immediately assented; but the manager, who very naturally consulted the interest of his own engagement, interfered, and his benevolent purpose was of course defeated. Upon being informed of this prohibition, he was angry and dejected.



Pig 8 Months Old, between a Chinese & Leicester, bred by Mr. Isted, fed by ye Duke of Bedford.

Pub. June 1 1808, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

dejected. He shed tears, declaring he would do his utmost to serve the poor man. As it was the custom then at Birmingham to invite him to every fashionable party, he took a number of his tickets with him, the night he was informed of the manager's resistance to his wish, to a large company, and succeeded in selling about six dozen. We have been told, that during the rehearsals in London, he refused to be instructed by any of the performers, and even directed the business of the stage himself, pointing out some improprieties in those who were acting with him. It is, however, an idle opinion, that nature has been his only mistress; he has been well tutored by his mother, and by Mr. Hough; and is not only to be admired for his docility and retentive memory, but for the able manner in which he executes those instructions.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S CURIOUS PIG.

An Engraving.

ALTHOUGH pigs are not sporting animals, except in the case of that belonging to Sir William Mildmay's game-keeper, of which we gave an account in a former volume, yet, in compliment to the very respectable gentleman who sent us the drawing from which this is taken, we cheerfully give it a place, under a persuasion, that it will meet the approbation of our friends.

This pig was exhibited at Lord Somerville's cattle-shew, in Dixon's Yard, Barbican, March 4, 1805. It was then nine months old, between Chinese and Leicester, bred by Mr. Isted, and fed by the Duke of Bedford. It measures, in height, one foot eleven inches; in length, from rump to snout, three feet nine inches; and in girth, across the shoulders, four feet nine inches.

SPORTSMAN'S CABINET;

OR

A Correct Delineation of the various Dogs used in the Sports of the Field; including the Canine Race in general: consisting of a Series of rich and masterly Engravings of every distinct Breed, from original Paintings taken from Life, purposely for the Work, by P. Reinagle, A. R. A. engraved in the Line Manner, by Mr. John Scott, by whom the Plates to Mr. Daniel's Rural Sports were executed; and interspersed with beautiful Vignettes, engraved on Wood. Forming a Collection of Superb Sporting Subjects, worthy the Attention of Amateurs of Field Sports, and Admirers of the Arts in general.

THIS elegant work, we are happy to say, is at length completed in twenty-five numbers, super-royal quarto, which have been published monthly. The regularity with which the Sportsman's Cabinet has been conducted, from the first number to the last, reflects considerable credit on its proprietors.

The work is already so well known, that it would be a waste of time to go into further particulars on its peculiar merits, than just to observe, that we have received much gratification in the perusal of the whole; and for that of our readers, who may not have had the same opportunity with ourselves, nothing but want of room prevents us from making a copious extract, which must be deferred till our next publication.

PUGILISM.

PUGILISM.

AT the fight which was lately at Shepperton—see our Magazine for last month, page 56—the Chicken challenged any Jew in England to fight him within the space of a month from that time; but the Jews thought it more prudent to match their champion against another man. A man, who is better known amongst the Jews by the nick-name of *Iky Pig* than by his real name, was introduced to the pugilistic world as the Jewish Ajax, and it was agreed that he should contest the palm with Tom Crib, who may not improperly be styled the Ulysses of the Christians. A purse of forty guineas was made up for the purpose, and the battle was fought, Tuesday the 21st instant, at Blackheath. The Jew is a great deal the stronger man of the two: he stood up well, and faced his man with the utmost spirit for several rounds. Crib, on the other hand, was so wary, that he kept him constantly on the alert for upwards of a quarter of an hour, during which time, though Crib was tumbled to the ground seven times successively, he did not receive, comparatively speaking, any injury, but stopped the other frequently with his fist, when he was following him up with the utmost impetuosity. Superficial observers thought that the frequency of the falls must exhaust Crib, and the bets, which in the beginning were considerably in his favour, now became even. Those who watched more attentively, however, saw that, notwithstanding Crib had each time received a blow, which apparently knocked him down, he might be said to be nearly off his centre, at the time of his being hit, so that, in fact, he was only pushed down. The eighth and ninth rounds were very severe, and very closely contested; but, though Crib was down at the end of each, even the friends of the Jew saw that he had the worst of it, owing particularly to two desperate blows he received on the left side. At the tenth round the Jew hung his head, and seemed very much troubled; at the close of this he got a severe blow on the side of his head, which knocked him down. He fought two rounds afterwards, apparently in great distress; and, though he knocked Crib down at the end of the twelfth round, he said that he had sprained his wrist, and gave in, after having fought about twenty-five minutes. Those who had laid money on the Jew were very much dissatisfied at his giving in at a time when he had knocked down his antagonist, and was able to walk in a strong, upright manner, out of the ring. Will Wood, the coachman, seconded the Jew, and Tom Jones picked up Crib. Belcher, Jackson, and Mendoza, and some other pugilists, besides Mr. Fletcher Read, and some other amateurs, were in the ring.

When the above match was finished, a purse of ten guineas was made up for a second fight, between another Jew and another Christian. The former was one Youssop—probably a corruption of Joseph—who is well known as a fighting man among the Jews; the latter is George Richmond, an American Black. This battle lasted only about a quarter of an hour; but the blows were by far more numerous, and of more serious consequence, than the former. Though the fight was very fairly and impartially managed by those who had the management of it, the crowd, both Jew and Gentile, were very

clamorous

clamorous against the Black. The Jew sparred very neatly, and stopped a great many blows; but neither fell without being fairly knocked down, except once that the Black's foot slipped. In the third round the Black was almost beat out of the ring; but, between that and the fourth, he received some instructions from one of the most expert and lively pugilists of the present day. He made good use of the advice he got, and followed the other up so close, that with repeated desperate blows he totally disfigured his opponent, and compelled him to yield, after a brave resistance, at the end of the sixth round.

Two American Judges, fought in the Hall of the Legislative Body, and in the presence of the Chief Justice!!

"New York, April 16.—On Wednesday last the Legislature of this State adjourned *sine die*. A *fracas* occurred on this occasion, disgraceful at least to the hero of the piece. Some observations from Judge Purdy, relative to the affair of the Merchants' Bank, had, in the course of the day, given offence to Judge Taylor.

"Immediately after the adjournment, (says the Albany Centinel received last evening), Judge Taylor walked round the table to Judge Purdy, and told him, in something of a low voice, that the Senate being adjourned, he met him as a private citizen, and wished to know what he meant by his observation? alluding to the above. Judge Purdy replied, that he meant to tell the truth. Upon this, Judge Taylor called him a lying old scoundrel. Judge Purdy retorted by calling him a rascal, or scoundrel, in return. Upon this, Judge Taylor, *sans ceremonie*, struck him a violent blow with his fist just under the ribs, which staggered him considerably. Judge Purdy paused an instant, as if to collect himself—then seized a chair, and aimed a blow at the head of his antagonist, but was prevented effecting it by the interference of their brother Senators. Judge Taylor then left the room; and as he went out of the bar, he said to Judge Purdy, "You know where I live, Sir. If you wish for satisfaction, you'll find me at home." The affray took place in the presence of about 100 witnesses. Within the bar were, besides the Senators, the Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Spencer, and one or more clergymen."

Now pugilism is practised by Judges, who can for a moment contend, that the science is *unlawful?*

GAME LAWS.

Surry Sessions—Ryegate.

Appeal of the Officers of the 14th Dragoons, against a Conviction of the Guildford Bench of Magistrates.

TWO cases of considerable interest, and which occupied much time, came on to be heard at this Session. They were motions on the part of Captain Villebois and Lieutenant Knightley, of the 14th Dragoons, to enter appeals on convictions pronounced against them, on the 8th of January last, by the Magistrates of the Guildford Bench, for refusing to give their names and places of abode, when demanded by a certificated man, who met them sporting in that neighbourhood, shortly after their

their being stationed in the Barracks near Guildford.

The circumstances of the case are nearly as follow:—

These convictions had been pronounced on the 8th of January (which was previous to the commencement of the Session holden in that month), but had not been lodged with the Clerk of the Peace till after the January Session had elapsed.

It appeared by the testimony of the appellants, Lieutenant-Colonel Hawker, and other witnesses, that the persons employed to serve the summonses had merely read the contents, without leaving copies; that he had been asked by Lieutenant Knightley to leave a copy, and refused it; and had summoned Captain Villebois only whilst attending the Bench as a witness for the Lieutenant-Colonel, after which the Captain's testimony was rejected, as a party implicated in the same transaction.

Both the Captain and Lieutenant were convicted, one of them in a mitigated penalty of £30, the other in the full penalty of £50, and paid down the money, under an impression, that they had no power of appeal, nor means of redress.

At this time the Officers had not any legal assistance, Lieutenant Knightley having applied in vain to all the solicitors at Guildford, and even sent over to Godalming, for the purpose of procuring some professional gentleman at the hearing. This circumstance, however, was not communicated to the Bench, nor was any application made for an adjournment on that account.

A few days afterwards, the Officers applied to the Clerk of the Bench, and to one of the Justices who had been present, and who ultimately signed the convictions, for copies of the proceedings. each declined giving the required copies, without the concurrence of the Magistrates composing the Bench, who, being consulted at their Meeting, refused them; and in the mean time the January Session had expired.

The application being afterwards repeated by the Solicitor for the Officers, with an avowed intention of appealing, the convicting Magistrates furnished the names of the parties whom it might be necessary to serve with notices, drew up the convictions in form, and returned them before the present Session. It was insisted, in support of the motions, that, under these circumstances, the present Session was the next possible one to which the Officers could appeal, especially as, from the want of a regular summons, they had no opportunity of knowing, till after the last Session, who the informer was, or which, of about eight Magistrates present at the hearing, had individually received the complaints, and put his name to the convictions, so as to have served them with the requisite notices of appeal.

In the course of the inquiry at the Session it appeared, that the information had been laid in the name of an opulent farmer, on which account the convictions were insupportable in point of law, as, by a clause in an Act of the last Session of Parliament, the prosecution of offences against any Stamp Act was confined to the Officers of the Crown or of the Stamp Duties. It also came out, towards the close of the evidence, that each of the Officers had regularly taken out his Game Certificate before the last sporting season commenced; so that there could have been no intention of evading the tax; and

that

that the alledged refusal to produce the Certificates was, in effect, an altercation between them and some qualified farmers, who interrupted the Officers' sport, and threatened to take up the game they might kill. On the ascertainment of these latter circumstances, the Counsel for the convicting Magistrate and the prosecutor said, they were authorized by their clients (who were present) to state, that it was not the wish of either of them to retain convictions or penalties which had been awarded under a repealed jurisdiction, and under a misconceived idea that the Officers had no Certificates to produce; they would therefore no further resist the entry of the appeals, and if the Court thought itself competent, to receive them, would consent to their being entered. The Court admitted the appeals, and directed the convictions to be quashed.

UNPARALLELED CRUELTY TO A HORSE.

A COAL higgler of Bonsall, in Derbyshire, has for some time been in the habit of buying what are called dog horses, and working out their remaining existence in his cart. Having one of those miserable animals, which from starvation and disease was frequently drawn back by his burden, undertook in the following manner to cure him, as he said, of that vice; after putting the horse in the shafts, he led him into a field, and backed the wheels against a wall: having secured him in this position, he fetched from his stable six bundles of straw, all of which this wretch deliberately lighted one after the other, and burnt to ashes under the body of his horse, whose agonizing groans tended only to increase the thirst of revenge in the barbarian; after having burnt out all his straw, he drove his miserable half-roasted animal to Cromford and back with a load of coals—a distance of three miles—on his return he with difficulty got the poor creature into his stable, where, after lingering ten days in most excruciating tortures, he expired.

COCKINGS.

DURING the Race-week at Chester, a main of cocks was fought between Sir Peter Warburton, Bart. and Sir Windsor Hunlake, Bart. which was won by the former, as follows.

	Cheshire, M.	B.	Derbyshire, M.	B.
Monday, ...	3	2	2	0
Tuesday, ...	4	1	1	1
Wednesday, ..	1	0	5	1
Thursday, ...	3	1	2	1
Friday, ...	3	1	3	1
	14	5	13	4

COCK Pit Royal, south side of St. James's Park, London.—On Monday, April 22; the third year of the five great mains, for 20gs a battle, and 500gs the main, commenced fighting, between the Gentlemen of Suffolk, Lister feeder, and the Gentlemen of Bedfordshire, Potter feeder, which consists of 19 main, and 12 bye battles.

	Lister, M.	B.	Potter, M.	B.
Monday, ...	1	1	2	1
Tuesday, ...	2	1	1	1
Wednesday, ...	1	2	2	0
Thursday, ...	0	1	3	1
Friday, ...	0	1	3	1
Saturday, ...	2	1	2	1
	6	7	13	5

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

ONE of the new Members, the other night, in the warmth of debate, exclaim'd, and now, "My dear Mr. Speaker!" which naturally provoked a general laugh; when Mr. Jekyll quaintly remarked, that he did not see why the honourable gentleman was not perfectly in order, as every thing, now-a-days, had confessedly become dear!

A PAINTER having lately painted the portrait of a very exorbitant Inn-keeper, wrote under it.—"Portrait of a *Charger.*"

IF nobody has been *injured* by some late peculations, it is, however, clear, that some people have been greatly *benefited.*

So great has been the pairing business at Gretna Green, that, on a fair calculation, Joe Paisley, the coupler—who still persists in denying that he is or ever was a blacksmith—is supposed to have swallowed between the first day of this year and the 4th of May, no less than thirty-five gallons of brandy! Joe says he likes that liquor best; "it takes the best grip of the mouth;" and that "it was Suth Country fules that first caw'd him a blacksmith."

THE gazette lately contained the mention of a dissolution of partnership between Adam and Eve,

APPROPRIATE appointments in two successive Gazettes—Hamilton *Locke*, to be ensign in the 71st Foot; vice *Keys*. William *Bakewell* is appointed an ensign in the *Bread-fall* Company of Volunteer Infantry.

THE power of orthography and punctuation.—The husband of a pious woman, having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the Parson of the Parish; which, instead of spelling and pointing properly;—

"A person having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation;"

She spelt and pointed as follows:—

"A person having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

The Parson—who had not examined the contents of the paper—gave it out accordingly.

EPIGRAM.

As a wag at a ball, to a nymph on each arm
Alternately turning, and thinking to charm,
Exclaim'd in these words, of which Quin was the giver—
"You're my gizzard, my dear; and my love, you're my liver!"
"Alas!" cried the fair on his left, "to what use?
For you never saw either serv'd up with a *goose*!"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

GAME LAWS.

ON Thursday the 9th instant a Writ of Inquiry was executed at the Castle of York, on the game laws, before S. W. Nicoll, Esq. assessor for the High-Sheriff of Yorkshire, in a cause between John Smith of Ampleforth, plaintiff; and John Thackray, gamekeeper to Sir Martin Stapylton, of Myton, Bart. defendant.—The action was brought for recovering damages from the defendant, acting by his master's express orders, for shooting a greyhound dog, the property of Mr. Smith; who, on the 19th of November last, being qualified both by estate and certificate, was, on an invitation from a friend—also qualified—taking a day's diversion in the manor of Helperby, which adjoins the manor of Myton. The defendant seeing the plaintiff and his party, told them he had his master's express directions to shoot all their dogs, if they got into the manor of Myton; being cautioned not to do so, the plaintiff and his party pursued their range in the manor of Helperby; and on a shout being given by some person, the plaintiff's dog passed into the manor of Myton, and the defendant, waiting there for that purpose, shot him. The plaintiff laid his damages at £20; and on a full hearing of the merits, a jury of respectable freeholders expressed their abhorrence of such an arbitrary, illegal, and wanton act, by giving the plaintiff a verdict for the whole sum claimed; which it is hoped may be a means of preventing similar stretches of imagined power, arising from property, against the protecting laws of this kingdom.

LORD Reay and Mr. Baillie.—In the Court of King's Bench, on Friday the 24th inst. Mr. Wigley moved to exhibit articles of the peace against Lord Reay, at the instance of Mr. Baillie. The affidavit upon which the motion was grounded, stated, that Mr. Baillie, in the year 1793, entered into partnership with a Mr. M'Kay, with whom Lord Reay was connected; and the consequence was, that disputes arose, in which his Lordship acted with great heat. He stated also particularly, that some time back, at the opera, his Lordship had insulted Mr. Baillie, and thrust his cane against him; and on several other occasions he had insulted Mr. Baillie. A few days back, both parties being at Mrs. Dupré's masquerade, in Hanover-square, his Lordship annoyed Mr. Baillie while he was at cards, and at last proceeded to the length of attempting to pull his nose. Mr. Baillie endeavoured to strike him in return, but the company parted them. After this fracas, Mr. Baillie was informed that his Lordship waited for him last Sunday in Hyde Park, with the design of further insulting him; and he added that in fact he was there, and Lord Reay was restrained from violence only by the interference of friends. On these grounds he prayed that his Lordship should be bound to find sureties for keeping the peace.

On a subsequent day his Lordship appeared in Court and gave security to keep the peace.

It was generally understood at Mrs. Dupré's masquerade, that the nose pulling was nothing more than a comic scene *en caractère*—but the principal actors talk of it seriously: the friends of Mr. B. contend that his unfortunate nose was not fairly between Lord R's fingers, and therefore was not profaned! His Lordship's partizan's argue *e contra* that it was pulled *ipso facto*, and therefore entitles him to a *drawback* when his own *broken head* comes to be estimated *ad valorem*, a mode likely to be adopted, on these gentlemen —who were in business together— winding up their mercantile accounts, after so whimsical a dissolution of their partnership!

Mr. Mellish and Lord Darlington have a match for 5000 guineas, to be run the next Lewes Races, between Sancho and Pavilion, half forfeit. Lord Darlington offered 1200 guineas to be off, but Mr. Mellish wanted 1800. Sancho was afterwards beat easy by Bobtail, which has occasioned such a reverse of opinion, that now Mr. Mellish has tendered 1000 guineas to be off, which Lord Darlington has refused. —Mr Mellish has publickly declared, that when his present engagements are fulfilled, he will never enter another horse to run at Newmarket, under a forfeiture of 5000 guineas.

Horse stealing is reduced into a complete system in this country:— After being stolen and sold at fairs, the animals are re-stolen, conveyed to the sea coast, and exported by smugglers to the German markets, where they generally fetch good prices. A very short time ago, Mr. Bings, of Norfolk, while at Hamburgh, beheld his own hunter sold for ninety guineas, in the public market, by a notorious horse stealer; he applied to the magistrates, but without effect, and had the additional mortification of being insulted by the thief.

On Saturday April 13, at the Office in Whitechapel, a man named Gilbert was committed for trial, for a ludicrous kind of felony. He had bargained in Rosemary-lane for a pair of breeches of a very large size, and in trying them on, he contrived to conceal three waistcoats within them. He was in the 67th year of his age, and lately held a situation under government.

The following match was made at York a few days since: Sir H. T. Vane's br c Master Betty, by Sir Peter, agst Lord Foley's b c Hippocampus, by Coriander, 8st 7lb each, to run the Beacon Course at Newmarket, on Easter Monday, 1806, for 1000 guineas each, half forfeit.

One hundred and ten valuable horses, many of them stallions of the first breed and celebrity, selected in various parts of this country; some English cows, a few dogs, and a number of game cocks and hens, were sent out to Russia, in the fleet which sailed last from Hull.

In one of the ships of the fleet that sailed last week from Falmouth, for the West Indies, went passengers a lady and her seven lap-dogs, for the passage of each of which she paid thirty pounds, on the express condition that they were to dine at the cabin-table, and lap their wine afterwards! Yet these *happy* dogs do not engross the whole of their good lady's affection: she has also, in Jamaica, forty cats and a husband! ! !

A sturgeon of immense size was caught on Tuesday, May 17, in the river Severn, near Highgrove, a few miles from Gloucester. It measured nine feet in length, and weighed 1cwt. 3qrs.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

COLLINS's ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

A Burlesque.

WHEN Music, stiff-rump'd witch,
was young,
The Passions, frisky dogs, for fun,
To hear her sing to country boors,
Would darken oft her dirty doors;
Dancing, swearing, drinking, cursing—
The devil surely had their nursing.
But once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
And ev'ry soul with drink inspir'd,
From wooden pegs, that stuck around,
Each snatch'd an instrument of sound;
And as they oft had heard her squalling
Their ear-drums crack, so hoarse her
bawling,
Each Passion now, who was not too-sick,
Would prove he had a soul for music.
First, stagg'ring Fear jumpt in the mid-
dle,
Arm'd with an old Cremona fiddle,
But soon recoil'd—for you must know,
He seiz'd the stick direct,
And stepping back to give it more effect,
He trod on Music's toe.
Quick to revenge the l-dy's corn,
Pale Anger rush'd—in dreadful ire,
His eyeballs red, his nose on fire—
He seiz'd from off its peg, the brazen
horn;
"Scoundrel, thy time is come," he said,
And lifting, high, his arm in air,
To teach poor Fear, in future, care,
He broke the clumsy rascal's head.
'Twas wan Despair first saw him sinking,
And would have lent a helping hand,
But, while they squabbled, she'd been
drinking,
And got so drunk, she could'nt stand.
When Hope arose, the frumpish gipsy,
And seeing ev'ry soul was tipsy,
Quickly call'd on Echo to assist her,
Her voice awoke the tim'rous Fear,
Who saw there was no Passion near,
So caught her round the neck, and kiss'd
her:
She squall'd as loud, and like, an Indian
yell,
Poor Echo answering in amazement,
Pok'd her head in, through the case-
ment,
And down the broken glass on Music fell.
Revenge, disturb'd, impatient rose,
And seeing Miss Echo's lamentable case,
Had not been taught politeness, I sup-
pose,
For he seiz'd the lady by the nose,
And dabb'd a pot of porter in her face,
Then with a look,
That ev'ry Passion shook,
To drown her noise, the trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Like mountains at Olympus hurl'd,
It shook—the world,
And Music's next door neighbour, out of
bed;
And though soft Pity, now and then,
To stop so vile a noise again,
Look'd in his face, and kindly took his
button,
"My dear Revenge," she said,
He blew again—it crack'd her head,
And down she fell, as dead as mutton.
Thy rage O Jealousy, I sing,
Ah! was the strain to merrier ditty,
When at Revenge you made a spring,
You should have fled his nervous swing,
Which whirl'd you, neck and crop, on
Pity.
With eyes turn'd up, alas! in doleful
dumps,
Pale Melancholy, by the parlour door,
While other Passions sat upon their
rumps,
Lay stretch'd, but not at ease, along
the floor,

For ever and anon,
In plaintive tones escap'd a word,
But still so soft—'tis gone,
And nothing but a rumbling sound is heard:
When in a style, quite out of fashion,
That quite astonish'd ev'ry Passion,
A rascal pale-fac'd dog, call'd Hate,
Look'd at his watch, and found it late,
Briefly rous'd her with a thund'ring kick—
"Get up you jade—prepare to wag to market,
For whether you have drank your fill,
Or whether you are really ill,
'Tis very clear you 're cursed sick,
And spoilt completely Music's Turkey carpet."
When Cheerfulnes, a playful hussy,
Suspecting strongly Melancholy,
To 've been guilty of the folly—
Of getting muzzy,
And hearing such a horrid din,
Advanc'd, but soon was seen retiring,
Lucky, indeed, she 'scap'd expiring,
So strong alas! the smell of Holland gin.
Last of this precious drunken crew,
Brisk Joy arose, and briefly said,
Let those who've nothing else to do,
Adjourn to bed;
But ere we go, from songs before us,
Let's one select that all can sing,
He then being rather mellow,
Began to bellow,
God save the king,
While ev'ry bawling Passion join'd in chorus.
O Music, manly, nervous maid,
I sing, how with a broomstick's aid,
You made your noisy inmates cease,
With only that and elbow grease;
How, as they finish'd their last stanza,
You ope'd your eyes, like Sancho Panza,
Like him, in Stentor's voice, exclaim'd,
While at their heads your broomstick aim'd,
"What's all this cursed noise about,
You knaves, you rascal-dogs, get out,
Retreat ye thieves, out, out, ye bobtail crew,
Or ev'ry scoundrel's head is black and blue:
How could I make so curs'd a blunder,
What will the neighbours say, I wonder,
To let you stay till now, God bless me,
The devil surely must possess me;"
Thus having said, she whirl'd around
Her massy club, but quickly found,
That now she thought to make them stare,
Th'Devil a rascal was th' there,
The time that she'd employ'd in bleating,
The Passions had employ'd—retreating.

G. DOWNES.

EVERLASTING LOVE.

NEDDY Needle was a taylor,
All so flashy, fine, and gay,
He fell in love with Nelly Nailer,
Who liv'd on t'other side the way.

Nelly had a constant lover,
Neddy was a faithful swain;
"Ah!" said she, "should you turn rover
It would cut my heart in twain."

"No," cried Ned, "dear Nelly, never
Will I to you inconstant be,
Nothing shall our true love sever,
I loves you, and you loves me.

"By these breeches I'm repairing,
By this bodkin, blazing new,
See your true love, Neddy, swearing
Everlasting love to you.

"By these shears, which stitches sever,
Never, never will I rove;
Come then, let us prove for ever,
Ever, everlasting love."

Kingsland. J. M.

EPITAPH UPON A FLEA.

Supposed to have plagued Alexander the Great.

HERE rests one, who by many a leap,
Could well contrive his blood to keep;
While Alexander has been sung,
For blood which he from others wrung,
Still, as a hero, be it known,
The flea's preferr'd, beneath this stone;
Who from that Tyrant blood could draw,
And bid defiance to his law.

THE

THE IRISH HOUND'S COMPLAINT.

THE moonbeam with silver tipt night's
sombre car—
The air was unruffled—the landscape
was still;
Unclouded the aspect of ev'ry clear
star,
And dew-gems bespangled the valley
and hill—

When a hound, more sagacious than
most of his train;
Whom, next morn, his stern keeper
had destin'd to die;
To the chase's bright Goddess was heard
to complain,
As she journey'd along the smooth
brow of the sky—

O, Diana! if still to thy bosom be dear
Those sports that enliven the wood-
lands at morn—
If still thou presid'st over hunting's ca-
reer,
And delight'st in the music of hound
and of horn—

Interpose, gentle Goddess! thy power-
ful aid,
From utter extinction thy fav'rites to
save;
Dire taxation on us has his harpy claw
laid,
And avarice doom'd half our race to
the grave!

Already the work of destruction's be-
gun:
It would thrill thy chaste bosom with
horror, to see
What havoc amongst us is made by the
gun—
What numbers are strangled each day
on a tree!

Even he, whose faint voice howls this pi-
tiful pray'r
Is to-morrow condemn'd to the hemp's
fatal knot;
No remonstrance prevails the sad victim
to spare,
Past merit, past services, all are for-
got!

Prowling hares their full liberty now may
enjoy,
To maraud in the garden, consume the
young crop;
Fell foxes securely the poultry destroy,
For no hound will be left soon their
progress to stop!

O! short-sighted policy, cruel as vain!
That sought, by our ruin, the rev'nue
to raise:
But Statesmen are callous, and heed not
the pain,
Of unfortunate dogs, in these tax-lay-
ing days!

Dromore. HAFIZ.

THE LAMENTATION OF A LEG OF PORK.

By Timothy Tagg.

FLAT in a pickling dish was laid,
Its fatling form, at length, display'd,
A youthful leg of Pork;
Floating in its own briny tears,
It sorrowing thus exprest its fears
Of 'scaping knife and fork!

" Since sever'd from my native swine,
What hope-inspiring joys were mine:
How did frail fortune flatter;
That for the Graces' mouths reserv'd,
To them I should be warmly serv'd,
With pudding pea, not batter!

" High-plac'd, the Grace's chosen dish,
I'd look with scorn on fowl and fish,
On jelly, tart, or custard:
In gravicd state with garnish neat,
I'd still been deem'd the 'sav'ry meat,'
Sauc'd with attendant mustard!

" Then slic'd in shreds of fat and lean;
Next, prest their ivories between,
Fork-carried non-resistant;
Swift in concoction's magic pow'r,
Had past my transmigrating hour,
From their good hearts not distant!

" Till, of themselves a part become,
For Ind, I'd left my British home,
And riches founds and pleasure;
There mid bright nature's gayest scene,
Snug seated in a palanquin,
Been worship'd as earth's treasure.

There

"There, shar'd the triumph's of their
eyes,
And call'd my own each dazzling prize,
Of suppliant lovers wooing;
Their charms, my own, I'd boldly nam'd,
Each new nerv'd dimple I had claim'd,
Each conquest thought my doing!

"But ah! who can control his fate?
My sequel'd tale, I'll brief relate,
If sorrow's throbs will let me!
On an edg'd card denial came,
Which damp'd my master's—dinner—
flame,
Who hop'd—you would have eat me!"

Thus sobb'd the hapless leg of pig,
And vented thus its woes so big,
In sounds 'twixt sigh and chuckle:
Then in its rhet'ric making halt,
Deep-plunging in its bed of salt,
Dropt the despairing knuckle!

Graces to you this tale I send,
Peruse the squib with eyes of friend,
Nor blame, 'cause given tamely;
For truly lopp'd at heel and thigh,
Like this poor joint, we, scribbling fry,
Should like this too—sing lamely!

Portsmouth. R.

INSCRIPTION,

Placed in Mr. Phillips's dining parlour, under the portrait of his dog.

WITHIN this frame behold a dog
display'd,
By Morland's faithful pencil well por-
tray'd.
Bred of the race Newfoundland's forests
lend;
Tyger he first was call'd, but after,
Friend!
A name not giv'n, like most, by idle
guess,
But meant his actual service to express.
Nor let suspicion here o'er truth prevail,
Or think poetic fiction feigns a tale;
For first the master of yon friendly board,
From instant risk of drowning he re-
stor'd,
When bathing once within the ebbing
tide,
Where Portsmouth's banks th' unequal
shore divide,
The waves, resistless, bore him off his
feet,
And mock'd his utmost efforts to retreat;
Worn out at last, unknowing how to swim,
Bereft of sense, and palsied ev'ry limb,
This dog, till then a stranger, saw, and
flew
To save from sinking one he never knew:
Forth by the hair he dragg'd him breath-
less o'er,
And laid the half-dead body on the shore.
At length by arts the boast of modern
days,
Life's latent spark rekindles to a blaze;
With vital warmth again his bosom glows,
And through each vein the purple cur-
rent flows.
To Heav'n then first his grateful vows
ascend,
The dog he purchas'd next, and call'd
him Friend:
His fondness since, and constant service
too,
Have prov'd the faithful title was his due.
—Not he alone shall bless the happy
hour,
That sav'd him from the sea's o'erwhelm-
ing pow'r:
Children and relatives of ev'ry name,
With gratitude unfeign'd will do the
same;
For had he perish'd in life's early bloom,
And gone a prey untimely to the tomb,
His course of usefulness but just begun,
How many lives had then been lost in
one!

C.

POETICAL SELECTIONS ON HUNTING.

From various Authors.

THE forest music is to hear the
hounds
Rend the thin air, and with a lusty cry
Awake the drowsy echo, and confound
Their perfect language in a mingled
sound.

Day's Isle of Gulls.

(To be continued.)